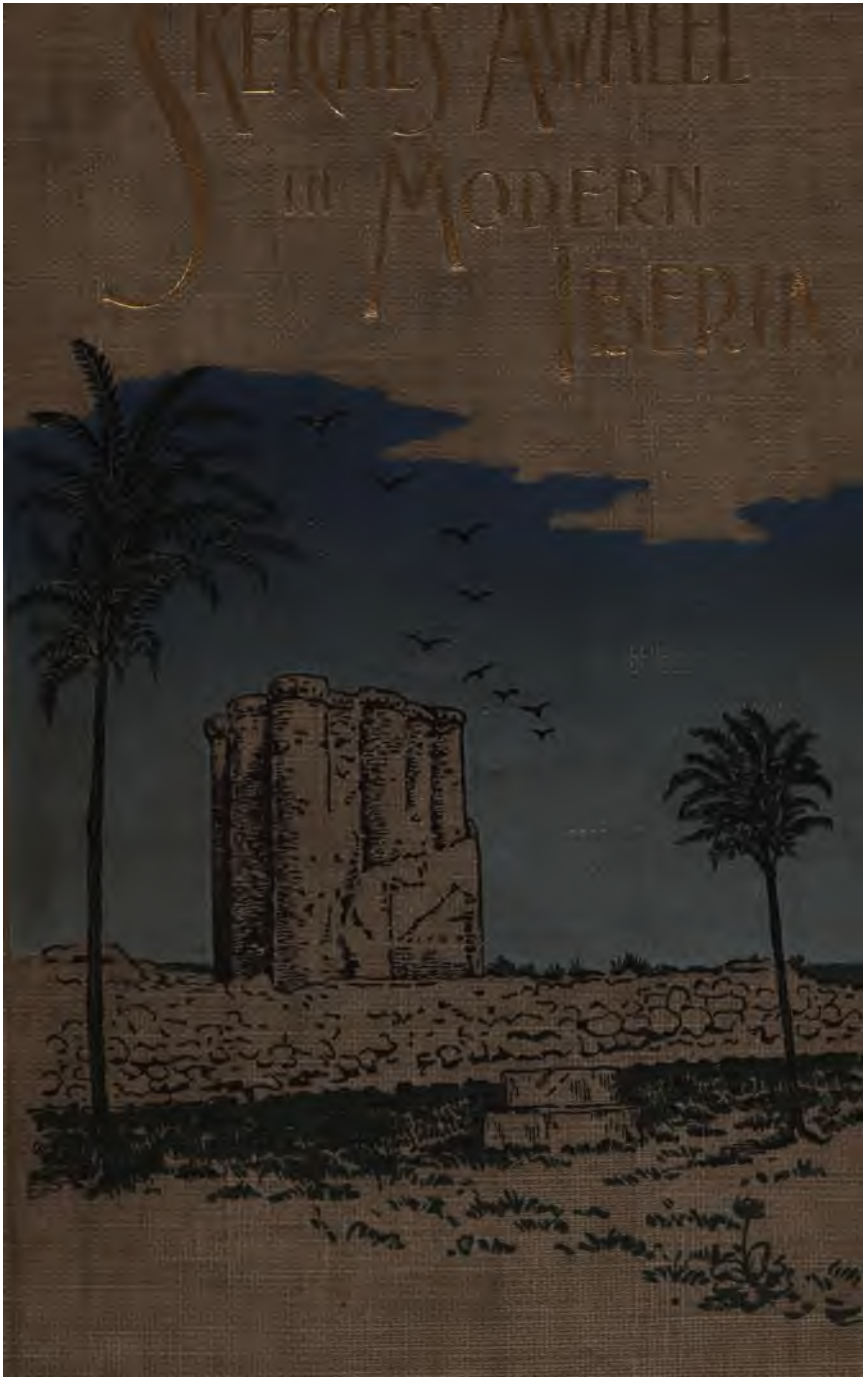
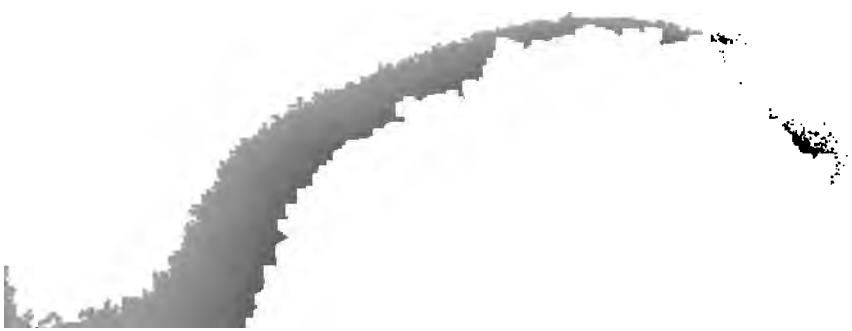
Sketches Awheel in Modern Iberia





PUERTA DEL CASTILLO, CUENCA.

SKETCHES AWHEEL

IN MODERN IBERIA

BY

WILLIAM HENRY WORKMAN

AND

MRS. FANNIE BULLOCK WORKMAN

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW YORK AND LONDON

The Knickerbocker Press

1897

SKETCHES AWHEEL

IN

MODERN IBERIA

BY

FANNY BULLOCK WORKMAN
WILLIAM HUNTER WORKMAN
Authors of "Algerian Memories"

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK
27 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET
LONDON
24 BEDFORD STREET, STRAND
The Knickerbocker Press
1897

The Knickerbocker Press, New York

In memory of the varied experiences of our many travels together, I affectionately dedicate my portion of this book to my husband, without whose skill in planning the long route, energy in following it out, and attention to details, our journey through the length and breadth of Spain would not have been possible.

FANNY BULLOCK WORKMAN.

To my wife, my companion on long journeys awheel in most of the countries of Europe, in Sicily and North Africa, and on tours afoot in the mountains of Norway, the Alps, Apennines, Pyrenees, and Atlas, whose courage, endurance, and enthusiasm, often under circumstances of hardship and sometimes of danger, have never failed, I affectionately dedicate my contribution to this volume.

WILLIAM HUNTER WORKMAN.

PREFACE.

THE following pages are based upon observations and experiences of the authors while on a tour through Spain in the spring and summer of 1895. The tour was made on bicycles, not to satisfy the spirit of adventure commonly ascribed to Americans, though something of adventure must be expected in a country like Spain, nor because there was anything novel to us in this mode of travel—the novelty had long since worn off—but as being the means of conveyance best adapted to our purpose, enabling us in entire independence of the usual hindrances of the traveller to pass through the country at leisure, stopping where and when we pleased.

Riding was only a means to an end, and long runs were not attempted. The average daily distance on riding days for the whole trip was about seventy-five kilometres, but a hundred and ten to a hundred and twenty-five had often to be made in order to reach shelter for the

night. These last distances and greater ones, with the twelve to twenty pounds of luggage necessarily carried in touring, are usually made under favourable circumstances without perceptible fatigue, but sometimes in Spain with bad roads and head-winds they represented a very considerable effort.

A good portion of the route lay among mountains, the numerous passes of which necessitated walking and pushing often for hours at a time. It is not our purpose to give a wearisome itinerary of distances and condition of roads travelled, nor to recount all the petty accidents that occurred, nor to pose as martyrs to enthusiasm by magnifying all the hardships, of which there were plenty; but to give our impressions of a part of what we saw of the nature, people, and art of Spain on a trip of a kind that offered some experiences not usually met with in the ordinary mode of travel. At the same time an intelligent bicyclist will find considerable information that might prove useful were he to make a similar journey.

The route travelled covered about forty-five hundred kilometres and extended from Port Bou and Figueras at the north-east corner over

Gerona, Barcelona, Monserrat, Manresa, Montblanch, Poblet, Tarragona, Tortosa, Castellon de la Plana, Sagunto, Valencia, Jativa, Alcoy, Alicante, Elche, Murcia, Albacete, Manzanares Jaen, Granada, Loja, Malaga, Ronda, Gibraltar, Algeciras with excursion to Tangier and Tetuan in Morocco, Tarifa, Cadiz, Xeres, Seville, Merida, Carmona, Cordova, Toledo, Aranjuez, Tarancon, Cuenca, Madrid, Escorial, La Granja, Segovia, Avila, Salamanca, Zamora, Valladolid, Burgos, Logroño, Tudela, Zaragoza, Pamplona, Tolosa, San Sebastian to Irun.

Many places besides those mentioned proved interesting, and what was seen and experienced on the route was in its way quite as original and instructive as what was seen in the towns.

It is impossible to crowd within the limits of a modern book all of the material that is gathered on a journey of this kind and length in the highways and byways of a land as large as Spain. Out of the mass that is available and of interest to the writers it is difficult to select what may prove most interesting to our readers, whose diversity of taste is likely to be almost as great as their number.

A book composed entirely of personal experiences and adventures may become nauseous; one dealing extensively with history is open to the charge of being unoriginal or guide-bookish, even though the facts may have been gathered from sources far removed from guide-books, while one devoted largely to architectural description is considered dry. All these subjects as well as the natural scenery, antiquities, and customs of the people have a bearing on the interest of a Spanish tour, and a writer must cull from all if he would present an intelligible picture of a portion of what may be seen in Spain to-day.

Finally, this book makes no pretension to being an exhaustive treatise on the subjects touched upon.

F. B. W. W. H. W.

MUNICH, October 8, 1896.

CONTENTS

ILLUSTRATIONS.

INTRODUCTION.

SPANISH ROADS.

WHILE making preparations for the tour we attempted to obtain information upon a subject all important to the success of our project, viz., the condition of the roads in Spain, but without any satisfactory result. We neither knew nor could learn of anyone who had made an extensive tour in that country in the manner we proposed. The guide-books and books of travel consulted contained only fragmentary statements of little value and, judged in the light of after-experience, not any too accurate. Correspondence with persons living in Spain only elicited the rather dubious reply that not much could be said for the roads, particularly in spring. The meagre information gained was not reassuring, and it was not without considerable misgiving that we determined to face the problem and solve it for ourselves.

The roads in Spain available for wheeled vehicles are called *carreteras* and are divided into two classes—the "arrecifes or caminos reales," built and cared for by the state, and the "communales," under local direction. Among the former are the eight grand routes diverging from Madrid, which with their branches connect it with most of the important cities of the kingdom. Some of these were planned and executed on a most liberal scale with plenty of width for roadway, substantial parapets and bridges; of others not so much can be said.

In most countries it is usually considered and is probably true that roads under government control are the best, hence one might expect the *caminos reales* to be better than the *caminos communales.* This is not by any means always the case, many of the latter being greatly superior to many of the former, and more than once we left the government for the communal road with the greatest sense of relief. Ford, relying perhaps a little too much on the general principle, says: "Whenever a traveller hears a road spoken of as 'arrecife, camino real,' he may be sure that it

is good." Had Ford, in 1895, ridden a bicyclette over some stretches of *camino real*, the acquaintance of which we made, he might have modified his statement. So far then as the character of these two classes of roads is concerned they may be treated as one and the same.

Spain is a large country, and no one term is descriptive of its roads as a whole. It has some that may be called excellent and many that are good, being macadamized and well constructed, with a hard, fairly smooth surface. Many more, though rideable, are rough, badly made and poorly kept up. Still others, and these a not inconsiderable portion in some sections, can only be spoken of as abominable, being now, if they ever were tolerable, thoroughly worn out, or merely tracks in the sand or clay soil.

Speaking in general terms, we found the average of roads poorest in the provinces of Aragon, Catalonia, Castellon, Valencia, Murcia, and in the southern half of New Castile, from Madrid south; better in Estremadura and Andalucia, particularly in the southern and western portions; and best in New Castile

north and east of Madrid, Old Castile, Leon, and Navarre. In the two last named provinces we did not meet with a bad road, and many would not suffer in comparison with those of other Continental countries, being far superior to some soon afterwards traversed in the south of France. The same is said to be true of the roads of Galicia and the Asturias, which provinces we did not visit.

In the first named set of provinces our route lay over long reaches of road with wide, well laid out roadway of sand or clay entirely innocent of the macadamizing or other constructive process. Through the centre of this ran a single track formed by three ruts from six inches to a foot deep, the side ruts made by the narrow tyres of the high-wheeled carts used in that section, and the centre one by the animals harnessed one before the other. The sides of the roadway were occupied either by heaps of stones or by large stones placed at short intervals so as to prevent the use of any part except the centre. The only available path for us was the central mule track, which, always narrow and never smooth, demanded the greatest skill and attention in riding.

Often riding was impossible and we were obliged to perform the arduous task of pushing our loaded machines over the soft and uneven mule track, walking ourselves along the ridge on either side. On meeting with teams, which never moved out of their course for us, the inconvenience of getting out of the track and getting into it again after they had passed can be imagined. Still worse was it when we were obliged to pass them, as we had to hurry by on the heavy obstructed roadside in order to mount again ahead.

Another class of roads which caused us much trouble and delay were those which were being repaired. Often places existed where for several kilometres the whole available roadbed was covered thickly with broken stone left to be trodden in and consolidated by travel. Here again, nothing remained but to push ahead on foot till the end was reached.

Others still were worn into hollows and ridges, covered with grey or brown dust to a depth of two inches or more, interspersed with stones of various sizes rendering riding difficult and somewhat hazardous. Leaving out of account other factors, and speaking solely with

reference to the condition of the roads, we should advise only skilful, experienced, and determined bicyclists to attempt a tour through the eastern, southern, and some of the middle parts of Spain, while the northern part as far as Madrid can be traversed with nearly as much ease as other countries by those somewhat accustomed to touring,

SKETCHES AWHEEL IN MODERN IBERIA

SKETCHES AWHEEL

IN

MODERN IBERIA.

CHAPTER I.

PASSING THE FRONTIER.

WE had intended to enter Spain over the turnpike running from Perpignan across the Pyrenees to Figueras, but having learned that luggage sent from France into Spain by rail unaccompanied by the owner is liable to detention at the frontier, which would seriously derange our plans, we concluded to forward our trunk containing extra clothing and supplies by *grande vitesse* to the Spanish custom-house at Port Bou and meet it there.

In most of the countries of Europe, Spain included, bicycles are liable to a duty on en-

trance, and the tourist is obliged to make a deposit in money, which is returned to him if he leaves the country with the same machine within a specified time. To facilitate matters at Port Bou we despatched a letter in advance to the "Jefe de Aduana," couched in our best Spanish, stating we should arrive on a given train prepared to make the required deposit, and praying most humbly that our trunk might be on hand for examination and all necessary papers ready, so that we might depart without delay by the same train. The letter ended with the usual string of polite and flattering abbreviations prescribed by custom in Spain.

We rode across the south of France, reaching Banyuls on the coast, where the highway ended, on Saturday evening, March 31st, and the next day took the rail for Port Bou. When the passengers' luggage had been transferred to the room devoted to the customs examination, we made ourselves known to one of the officers, who forthwith reported at a small side office. In a few moments a man with dark, closely trimmed hair and beard, regular features and handsome Arab-like eyes, dressed in a black civilian suit of unexceptionable cut, the

very picture of a gentleman, stepped out with our letter in his hand, which he waved slightly above his face, and nodded to us with a most winning and friendly smile, telling us to stand back from the struggling crowd and have patience, and he would see that all was arranged.

The train was advertised to leave in one hour. Duly impressed by the kindly reception we retired to the side of the room and waited impatiently for half an hour, in the course of which time the affairs of the other passengers were all disposed of. Then seeing nothing of our trunk and no evidence of the usual formalities incident to making a deposit on the bicycles, we again sought the *Jefe*. With a suavity of manner as before, admirable and incomparable, he now displayed an utter ignorance of any of the procedures necessary in the premises, as well as of the whereabouts of our trunk, and appealed to an official of the French railway, by whose kind assistance it was soon learned that the trunk was in the storehouse of the railway company, and as it was Sunday, the storehouse shut, and the man in charge away, it could not be obtained until

the next day. Alas for our precautions and trust in the activity of the Spanish customs officials! So far as the trunk was concerned they had miscarried.

The Frenchman and the *Jefe* promising to despatch the trunk to Barcelona the next day, we decided not to wait over for it and turned our attention to the deposit question. An unaccountable mistiness seemed to envelop this also. The *Jefe*, after consulting one of the other officers, said, "If you wish to make a deposit on the bicycles which shall be returned, you ought to have obtained a manifest before leaving France." This was contrary to any experience we had ever had before, and we said we did not see what a French manifest had to do with a deposit in the Spanish custom-house. He was also unable to throw any light on this point. After a few minutes he explained that the duty on bicycles was based on their weight, and as a favour to us he would call that of ours considerably less than it really was, and the duty would be a certain, by no means excessively large, number of *pesetas*, which would not be returned.

Although this was not just what had been

expected, and we should have preferred to make the regular deposit, we thanked the *Jefe* for the consideration shown, and handed him a bank-note of a denomination larger than the sum stated, which immediately disappeared into his pocket, change being ignored. A receipt without any figure was then given us, stating that we had paid the entrance duty. Our eyes were opened to one of the peculiarities of Spanish official administration. As the event proved, however, the man did us a real favour, as we were later obliged to dispose of these bicycles, and the larger deposit demanded by law would in this case have been forfeited.

With mutual expressions of admiration and regard we took leave of the courteous official and entered the train for Figueras.

CHAPTER II.

COSAS DE ESPAÑA GREET US—DINING WITH CABALLEROS AT THE FONDA IN GERONA—CHURCH OF THE GREAT SPAN—A MODERN CITY OF SPAIN.

AT last we were in Hispania, and forty minutes by rail would bring us to Figueras, where the road to Gerona would be joined. For us the train was all too Spanishly slow, so anxious were we to begin our Don Quixotian days on the turnpike. Would they be Quixotian? We hoped some of the ancient customs might still persist, and with this hope, acting on the advice of Ford, had provided our travelling satchels, among other things, with small mirrors. Before our trip was ended it became evident that Spain is not so far advanced in civilisation but that adventures may still be found without any great amount of seeking.

One looks in vain for anything distinctive either in the people or towns between Port

Bou and Figueras. The latter make simply the same semi-French, semi-Spanish impression that is characteristic of all the towns between here and Perpignan. On approaching Spain a certain *naïveté* of expectancy in regard to the distinctive is active in the traveller's mind, which leads him to think he will find people, customs, and architecture typically Spanish as soon as he crosses the frontier. Such expectation does not at first appear to be fulfilled, but if he works his way into the country patiently,—for patience as well as time is an important factor in Spanish travel, —he is sure in the end to find Spain Spain, and the Spaniard a Spaniard.

Arrived at Figueras, as we were strapping the luggage on our bicycles, we noticed two gendarmes among the quiet crowd gathered about. Here at least something not partly but wholly Spanish presented itself. They were members of the famous corps of the *guardia civil*, and were dressed in the dark blue uniform and black tarpaulin hats of the corps. The most novel thing about them was their grass green net gloves.

We inquired of them the way to the road.

They gave us a military salute, and said they would accompany us to it. We told them we would not trouble them to do that, but their idea of the etiquette involved in the case demanded that they should see us on the right path, so we said no more, but started off, each attended by a guard with shouldered musket marching solemnly at the side, thus beginning our first journey in Spain under military escort.

The walk through the town was somewhat long and tedious. Had we followed our own inclinations we should have mounted and ridden on, Figueras not being an especially intricate place, but we did not wish to offend our kind protectors by riding away from them before their mission was accomplished. On reaching the turnpike they again raised their green-gloved hands to their hats, and, as we mounted our cycles, the musical words of old Spanish diligence days, "Adios vayan ustedes con Dios," fell from their lips. These words were destined to become a sort of "Leitmotif" to cheer many a long day's wandering, but whether used by a Catalonian, a Sevillian, or drawled out in the rich, guttural sound of the

Castilian with the peculiar prolonged sound of the o, they were never commonplace, but ever rang a sweet music in our ears. Spoken for the first time by the *guardia* they acted like a stimulant as we rode off on the deserted *chaussée.*

The country between Figueras and Gerona is undulating, sparsely inhabited, and uninteresting. In two of the towns passed through the children were very annoying, running after us, screaming and throwing stones.

We crossed two rivers destitute of bridges, but provided instead with large stepping-stones placed as far apart as one can conveniently step. This novel means of passing a river, while easy enough under ordinary circumstances, caused some delay, encumbered as we were with the loaded bicycles, which had to be carried over. As an original feature we found no fault with this, for where in France, Germany, or Italy can a river be crossed on stepping-stones? We afterwards crossed a number of other small rivers in Catalonia and along the eastern coast in the same manner, as well as a few that had to be forded being destitute either of bridges or stepping-stones.

About dusk we entered Gerona, and, with the assistance of a friendly Spaniard, found our way to the Fonda de los Italianos. Outwardly it had a forbidding aspect, which reminded us of inns we had stopped at in provincial Italy, but darkness was setting in and a cold wind swept the narrow street, so we entered, prepared to make the best of what welcome might be found. It proved, however, to be a very comfortable place, kept by an old Italian, who was exceedingly proud of not being a Spaniard.

The rooms were large, clean, and well furnished, and the food, which Murray says is scanty at that inn, was abundant and well cooked. The *comida*, or chief meal, as served in Gerona is typical, with slight variations, of that furnished in the majority of towns of like size all over Spain. Naturally the smaller the town the nearer the *fonda* approaches the *posada* with simpler food and a less number of courses. The Gerona *menu* was as follows: Soup, then *manzo*, which is boiled beef *garni* with potatoes, cabbage, and *garbanzos*. This last is well described by Gautier as a pea which in its ambition to become a haricot has

STREAM WITH STEPPING-STONES, CATALONIA.

familiar but perfectly respectful manner, and accepted like a favourite dog the remains of each course as the Don passed them on to him. All smoked cigarettes between the courses, for good Spaniards believe in smoke at meals, as some people believe in Cayenne pepper. We left the table highly satisfied with our first *comida* in Spain, convinced that we had had one scene from Quixotian life, although it was laid in the Gerona *comedor* and not around the *brasero* of the Venta de Cardenas.

The gentle old host waylaid us as we came out, to ask what we wished for breakfast. When we told him he nodded assent, even agreeing to give us coffee at half-past six, "but not butter," he said, drawing himself up with the dignity of a fallen Italian nobleman, "not Spanish butter, that I cannot offer my guests. Were it butter from my native place near Milano, I should be proud to have you taste it." In this we acquiesced, recalling what we had read and heard of Spanish butter.

Notwithstanding the assurance of the attentive landlord that "café con leche" should be served at six-thirty in the morning, when

we approached the *comedor* shortly before seven, we found everything in a state of slumber. Even the watch on duty awoke with a start on seeing us. He said the coffee would be ready directly. After waiting a quarter of an hour, we remarked to him sarcastically as we started to go out, "We are leaving for the cathedral. Please have that coffee ready on our return in an hour." "By all means your honours ought to see the cathedral," was the answer. "When you return the coffee will surely be made."

Reflecting on the saying that a Spaniard puts off everything until to-morrow, we started out to find the church. It was a cold morning, and in the dark sunless streets all the men wore large soft hats and heavy *capas* drawn closely about them. Passing a shop-window filled with various preparations of chocolate, we went in to get some in the place of first breakfast. The friendly shopkeeper, when we had selected what we wished, made us a present of a paper of delicious biscuits, such as Spaniards eat with chocolate. When we asked the way to the cathedral, he took down his *capa* and insisted on showing it to

us himself. He went with us through the streets and up the hill to the entrance of the church, where he left us, wishing us a pleasant journey. This was only one of the many occasions when the innate chivalry of the Spaniard prompted him to walk a considerable distance to point out some place or object we wished to find.

In another moment we were inside the cathedral remarkable in Gothic architecture as possessing the widest nave of any church in Europe. It seems rather extraordinary that little Gerona should have a church with a nave seventy-three feet wide, wider by twenty-nine feet than those of the Cologne and Canterbury cathedrals, while that of the cathedral of Toulouse, which was considered a wonder in this respect can only show a width of sixty-three feet.

A disagreeable impression is sometimes produced upon the mind by abnormally large things, but in this case the height is so well proportioned to the width that the result is impressive indeed, and as we view the nave from the aisles around the choir, a sense of its grandeur and harmony steals over us, recall-

ing Street's words, "Had this nave been larger by one bay scarcely any interior in Europe could have surpassed it in effect."

The flagrant fault in Spanish cathedrals of putting the *coro* in the centre of the nave is particularly emphasised in its effect here under this splendidly proportioned expanse. You become accustomed to this as you journey farther into Spain, and finally, as there is so much else to admire in these different vast poems of stone, learn to put up with it as a "cosa de España" in architecture.

The effect of the dark interior, which has never been marred by whitewash, is enhanced by the small openings for light throughout the church, which in spite of several high traceried windows retains the solemn mystery of lighting so necessary to produce impressiveness in a cathedral. A few bits of good stained glass add their significance to the general tone.

Enjoying the freedom of Spanish cathedrals, where all but the sacristy and special chapels remains open, we wandered into the dreamy eleventh century cloister. Although after that of Tarragona this must be called the

second best Romanesque cloister in Spain, it has a disused, neglected charm not found in the former, and moreover commands a view of the noble tower of San Pedro de los Galligans. Cloisters are often perhaps overpraised in Spain, but when later we visited the commonplace ones of the south and again of the north, we looked back with pleasure to the plain round arches supported on delicately but elaborately carved capitals of the cloister of Gerona.

The hour we had allowed ourselves for a glimpse of the cathedral had lengthened into several as we returned to the *fonda* ready for something more substantial than coffee. When the proprietor came in to speak with us at luncheon, we noticed he looked rather crestfallen, and then it occurred to us that in our haste to see the cathedral we had quite forgotten his kind offer to go with us. "You did not see the cloister and sacristy with its relics and tapestries, did you?" he said. Our answer that we had seen all surprised him, for, according to his notion, a half-day would not suffice for the relics alone. It requires a Spanish imagination to appreciate relics, and he had re-

sided in Spain sufficiently long for his to be cultivated to the proper standard.

Two other interesting churches are the ruined San Pedro and San Feliu.

We rode to Barcelona over the coast route, which has some very good scenery. The weather was cold, breezy, and April showery, and we were obliged to take refuge in two towns from heavy rain squalls which came up from the sea. The people along the route were friendly and gave us no trouble.

Barcelona besides being a busy, wide-awake, rapidly growing commercial and industrial centre, contrasting strongly with some other Spanish cities that seem still to be shrouded in the mists of the Middle Ages, has also acquired the reputation of being a beautiful city—beautiful, of course, in the modern sense, for where modern enterprise rules, the old-time beauty is apt to take flight.

Others may find it so, but to our minds it is not a beautiful city. It has a good and healthful situation on a slope running back from the sea to the mountains. There is nothing particularly attractive about the old town. The Rambla, its main avenue, called by Murray the

"Unter den Linden of Barcelona," can scarcely be said to rival its celebrated namesake. Its parks, while attractive enough, do not compare with many that might be mentioned, while the effect of its grand promenade, or *Paseo*, along the sea front, planted with palms of rather doubtful vitality, and bordered on the one hand by wharfs and warehouses, and on the other by business blocks, is depressing.

The new part is well laid out, but its streets and boulevards though wide, regular, and well-made, as yet present a very undeveloped appearance. Perhaps in twenty-five years Barcelona may be called beautiful, but it is too much taken up with the process of becoming so to merit that title to-day.

Be this as it may, Barcelona is too distant to be visited for the modern beautiful, and those in search of that might better stop in France, where at least this is found in a higher state of development. But as a city of Spain it should be seen by the traveller if only for its cathedral, the sombre colouring of the interior of which even more than in that of Gerona gives a peculiar architectural effect not fully appreciated in one visit. To those interested in

ecclesiastical architecture, some of the other churches cannot fail to be of interest as examples of the especial Catalan style seen nowhere better than in this city.

Barcelona is not a pleasant place for a woman to visit with a bicycle on account of the great number of rough mechanics and labourers at all times on the streets. Still, as for that matter, even in regulation street gown she cannot walk a block alone without being rudely spoken to.

The view from the fort of Montjuich is quite extensive, but is chiefly interesting for the idea it gives of the size and character of the city below with its harbour, warehouses, and manufactories.

Among other signs of modern progress may be mentioned as calculated to touch a chord of sympathy in English and American breasts, carpets and double beds in the hotel rooms, Smith and Wesson revolvers in the windows of the sporting shops, and "American bars" with advertisements of "Coktales" in large letters placarded on the outside.

Notwithstanding the promise of our friends at Port Bou to forward our trunk on the day

following our departure, several days passed before it arrived. When it did appear, it had been relieved of a new revolver, which one of the party had left in it, perhaps with a feminine desire to avoid carrying a weapon till really on the road in Spain. A new one was easily procured and we set out on a lovely April morning for one of the wonders of Spain, the pride of Catalonia, Monserrat.

CHAPTER III.

MONSERRAT—LEGEND OF THE BLACK VIRGIN—MANRESA, THE PENANCE TOWN OF LOYOLA.

AS our wheels shook off the dust or rather the mud—for it had rained the night before—of Barcelona, our spirits rose. That city had been but a *pied à terre* on the route to the Saw Mountain.

We had been riding about three hours, when a bend in the road brought into view a long serrated outline projecting upward from a gray vapoury base. No second glance was necessary to tell us this was Monserrat throwing off its morning mantle of mist and lifting its weird peaks to the sun. Never was vision of a mountain more entrancing, and we pedalled the faster to reach it as soon as possible.

But our patience was destined to be sorely tried that day. About the middle of the forenoon one of the chain cases required repairs which caused a delay of an hour. Later as the

afternoon was advancing a tyre was punctured by a thorn. Half an hour more was spent in mending this when we again mounted. After riding a few hundred feet a loud report was heard and the same tyre collapsed. Examination revealed the fact that in replacing it a portion of the air tube had been caught between it and the rim, and being unsupported had burst, an irregular piece about two inches in length being blown out. For the third time the repairing kit was brought into requisition, the wounded portion of the tube excised and the ends cemented together.

To reach the Monastery that evening was now out of the question, but we arrived at Monistrol at the foot of the mountain soon after sunset and obtained accommodations for the night at the *posada*, which for a country inn we found very endurable. The rooms though primitively furnished were clean and the beds comfortable. By asking, flattering, and the exercise of patience, various things necessary to our comfort after the day's journey were secured including hot water. The people of the *posada* occupied themselves more with the attempt to make us comfortable and

less with asking questions than those farther south. The food was simple and nutritious. One course consisted of the large white bean used throughout Catalonia, which has a good flavour and makes a better standard vegetable than the *garbanzo.*

Another was eggs panned in oil, which are thus cooked all over Spain and are almost invariably well prepared and palatable. We found not only this but other country *posadas* in Catalonia fairly good, and their hearth-stones shine forth brightly in memory in comparison with some afterwards met with in other parts.

At dinner the only other guest besides ourselves was a Swiss engineer, with whom we naturally fell into conversation. He said he was placed there in charge of the mountain railway leading from Monistrol to the Monastery. He had no companions of his own station, so that he found life rather lonely, and was glad to meet with people who spoke his language. The road was built by Swiss capitalists who were awaiting an opportunity to dispose of it, as it was financially not a success. The travel, except at certain times, was light and the government taxes were seven per cent.

on gross receipts. The experiment would not be repeated by the Swiss in Spain.

Early the following morning we pushed up the fine road which leads in great curves to the Monastery. The immense mass of Monserrat, about twenty-five miles in circumference at its base, is composed of a grey conglomerate or pudding stone of the granite type mingled here and there with red sandstone, which appears to be the prevailing rock of the lower hills from which it rises. For about half the distance to the top its body remains solid, then rent asunder in every direction it towers in thousands of fantastic pinnacles to its highest point some four thousand feet above the sea. The forms of these resemble some of those seen in the Dolomites but with the difference that the contours here instead of being sharp are all rounded. The grand rock scenery is softened and toned down by a most wonderful profusion of vegetation, consisting of box, ilex, myrtle, ivy, heather, laurel, and other evergreens, which, growing in every crack and crevice where they can possibly find a hold and flourishing at all seasons, transform this mountain into a marvel of grey and green.

As you climb in the early morning, the air fragrant with scented shrubs, and see the dewy jessamine clinging to the rocks, and stepping to the road's edge to look valleyward, feel your hat brushed by the shining box bushes, you wonder how out of the barren red sandstone Catalonian plain such a monument of rock and verdure could arise. As you look and worship at this lovely shrine of nature Mr. Hare's citation of the old Spanish tradition comes to mind, that the mountain's bewildering variety of shrubs were "permitted to bear their leaves all the year round because they sheltered the weariness of the Virgin Mother and the Holy Child during their flight into Egypt." Such legends, though so absurd and evidently at variance with fact, acquire a certain poetic charm, which takes hold of the imagination in connection with scenes like these, among crags which for hundreds of years have been associated with the most romantic phase of Spanish religious feeling.

The religious history of Monserrat is interwoven with that of the "Santa Imagen" or Black Virgin, whose legend is the following. The image is said to have been made by St.

Luke and brought to Barcelona by St. Peter in the year 50. In 717, during the Moorish invasion, the Goths hid it in a hill. There it remained until 880, when some shepherds attracted by heavenly lights and music found it. Under the direction of the Bishop of Vich they attempted to carry it to Manresa, but at a certain spot, which is still marked by a cross, the image refused to move farther, so it was decided to build a chapel over it, and here it remained a hundred and sixty years.

A nunnery was afterwards built near the chapel, which in 976 was converted into a Benedictine monastery, that afterwards sheltered nine hundred monks. In 1811 this was destroyed by the French under Suchet but was rebuilt, and was finally suppressed in 1835. Now a small number of monks live there and attached to it is a boys' school. As a resort for pilgrims it still holds its prestige, many thousands visiting it annually in the late summer and fall, in such numbers that it is impossible to obtain accommodations.

The Virgin rested in her first chapel seven hundred years, when in 1592 a new chapel was built. In 1599 she was removed to it in great

state in the presence of that noble fanatic Philip II. She was held in high veneration by him and by Charles V., although her influence does not appear to have made them more humane. In 1811, on the appearance of the French, the image was carefully taken away from the mountain, but was returned when the modern convent was built. In 1835 she once again descended to the valley but only to return to her altar at the monastery, where she is still the black solace of the few remaining fathers. For hundreds of years hundreds of lights have burned at her feet and illumined her dark features at the times of the great pilgrimages, and the miracle of the Santa Imagen has filled the transparent air above Monserrat with a trail of incense.

Monserrat has been the resort of kings, nobles, and pilgrims of every rank and station, who have sought peace and forgetfulness of the world on this lovely spot, and here many Spaniards well known on the stage of worldly affairs have ended their days in penance, fasting, and prayer.

Of the ecclesiastics whose names are connected with Monserrat Loyola was the most

noted. As the history of the great Jesuit tells us, he came here from Pamplona, where, being wounded in battle, he decided to exchange military life for the cowl. Here he hung up his sword at the altar of the Virgin and took the vow of perpetual chastity. And he did other interesting things before walking down to Manresa for his year of penance, but the chroniclers of Spain in 1895 must not attempt to tell again too much of the story others have told so fully.

Arrived at the convent the concierge, who was surprised to see two cyclists enter the court, assigned us a cell. The large number of cells formerly occupied by the monks are now used for the accommodation of visitors and pilgrims, who pay a small sum for their use. Linen is furnished and, if asked, the servant in charge will make the beds and bring water. In this respect the guide-books somewhat overestimate the simplicity of the place, stating that "the traveller must shift entirely for himself." The *peseta* unlocks the door to service here as elsewhere.

The monastery, vast in size and hideous in style, has little to commend it to visitors, but

perched upon a projecting ledge on the edge of a vast ravine, under the perpendicular walls of some of the most picturesque peaks of the mountain, its situation quite puts in the shade those of the monasteries of Subiaco, Monte Casino, and Monte Luco.

The walk of three hours from the monastery to the summit is one the most remarkable to be found in Europe, and he who planned and carried out the path deserves as much credit as any engineer of the famous mountain passes. The path is narrow, but winds over a large area, among and around the various crags and stone *seracs*, gradually ascending, until at last it ends at the highest point. Sometimes it leads through a narrow valley, walled in on both sides by wildest sentinels of rock, again through creeping masses of myrtle, ivy, and jessamine, or under bowers of ilex and box. Before you realize you have climbed, it brings you to the very edge of summits that from below appeared inaccessible, and you stand on the brink of precipices hundreds of feet in the sheer. Thus it continues to the top, a pinnacle protected by an iron railing just above the hermitage of San Geronimo. Indeed, it may be called an

enchanted trail worthy of having been planned by a gnome of the rocks it circles among.

The most striking object seen from the summit is Monserrat itself spread out beneath like an enormous medusa, its thousands of tentacles raised aloft on every side enclosing deep abysses, whose terribleness is mitigated by a lining of perpetual green. Beyond lies the sunbaked flowerless plain, through which wind silver rivers. To the north, distant but clearly defined against their blue ceiling, a line of snowy Pyrenees smile coolness down upon the torrid lowlands, while to the east beyond the hazy suggestion of Barcelona a glittering silver rim of sea wafts inland the softest of noonday breezes.

Wandering downward through the maze of loveliness we returned to the convent in time for the vesper service in the chapel. It was dark and cold as winter, and the few worshippers sat shivering on the front seats. Within the high rail about the altar all was a blaze of light. Here priests and boys stood chanting fugues to the accompaniment of violins, trombones, and organ, but to us who had been listening all day to nature's melodies on the

heights, the unmelodious music combined with the deadly temperature of the chapel was uninspiring, and we were glad when the service was over.

At the restaurant where all meals are served, the dinner consisted wholly of fish, no meat being obtainable on *jours maigres*. The basis of two of the courses was dried codfish. Several years previously while summering on the coast of Norway, we had seen this fish undergoing the curing process, which consists in exposing it to sun and weather on the rocks for several weeks, till it becomes as hard as a board, in which condition it is exported to the Catholic countries. One would suppose it would have lost all taste, and we always felt a degree of sympathy with the Catholic brethren for whose use it was destined. This was the first opportunity which had been offered us to test the truth of this supposition, when to our surprise the flavour was found to be excellent.

Several days can be spent with pleasure at Monserrat, so numerous and charming are the various walks, but no traveller, who wishes to know and appreciate it from all sides, should fail either to approach or leave it by the car-

riage road to Manresa. For a number of miles this runs along the mountain side under the shadow of a row of magnificent peaks similar to those seen on the walk to San Geronimo. On this ride a more accurate idea of the area of the gigantic mass is acquired, and the outlines especially when seen from some distance are far more effective than on the other side. After leaving the mountain the road became bad, but with so much that is interesting to occupy the attention one does not mind that.

Manresa is picturesque, but cannot be classed among the pre-eminently picturesque Spanish towns. The quaint filthy streets cut in the yellow rock form an odd contrast with the dainty bright gardens adjoining the houses on either side. One would not care to live in Manresa, but the Manresans have an advantage over the inhabitants of most other towns in the inspiration they can draw from the vision of Monserrat obtained from the windows of the tall narrow houses, the charming terraced park or the esplanade in front of the Cueva of San Ignacio.

If Loyola felt he must do penance in a cave

for a year, he was wise in selecting one at Manresa, where he could now and then slip out and solace himself with a glimpse of Monserrat. Were it not too late, it would be interesting to ask him if it was not after all her beautiful abode seen in ever-changing lights, rather than the perpetual smile of the Black Virgin, that soothed and quieted his soul.

El Seo, the collegiate church, with fine glass windows, built with the same grand Catalonian plan of the interior, is less impressive, particularly in colouring, than the cathedrals of Barcelona and Gerona.

CHAPTER IV.

A GOOD-FRIDAY PROCESSION—GLIMPSES OF CATALONIA—DESECRATED TOMBS AND SHATTERED ALTARS OF FALLEN POBLET.

OUR next objective point was the monastery of Poblet on the route from Tarragona to Lerida. Near Villafranca, a town about forty miles south of Barcelona, we bade farewell to Monserrat with all its pinnacles pointed heavenward in a flash of sunset light.

The night of Good Friday was passed at Villafranca. The hostess of the *posada* put two handsomely furnished rooms at our disposal, such as would not usually be found, or at least offered to tourists in most small towns of Europe or America. They seemed to be state family rooms, and were fitted up with divers ornamental antique pieces, evidently heirlooms. On the walls were two large religious pictures of questionable artistic merit, bearing the inscriptions in English, "By the

sacred heart of Jesus," and "By the sacred heart of Mary," which made us almost forget we were so far away from the land of their probable origin.

After dinner we were invited to join the family group on the balcony of the hostess's private sitting-room to see the Good-Friday procession. It was quite dark and the long narrow street was lighted only by a few scattered gas-jets. All the balconies, with which the tall houses were liberally supplied, were filled with spectators whose earnestness in regard to their religious *fête* afforded a commentary on the power of the Church in provincial Spain. As the sound of music announced the approach of the procession, all talking ceased and every head was uncovered.

The procession consisted of two bands of local musicians, a double line of boys carrying lighted candles, priests and prelates dressed in embroidered robes, some bearing the sacred symbols, then a series of wooden platforms upon which were arranged representations of the scenes of the Crucifixion with figures of life size. These were borne on the shoulders of men underneath, who being covered and not

able to see where they were going, or becoming tired, committed certain eccentricities of movement that produced a ludicrous effect upon the representations above. After these followed a long double line of cavalry.

When all had passed we bade our hostess good night, praising unlimitedly the procession and thanking her several times. We were learning to be Spanish in the observance of the amenities of life. She appeared greatly pleased at our interest and assured us the Easter *fêtes* would be much more elaborate. They will be "hermosissimas" she breathed, her dark eyes rolling in ecstasy under her black mantilla. Evidently the modern woman of Villafranca still finds her highest joy in the ceremonies of the Church.

Beyond Villafranca the scenery is attractive. From Vendrell the road ascends, affording beautiful backward views of the sea and broad sloping plains. Later, after crossing a mountain pass where not a shrub is seen to modify the stony desolation, it descends into a sunny, blooming plain to the small town of Montblanch.

It is very commonly asserted in books on Spain, and by travellers who have been there,

that with the exception of a few spots the natural scenery is dull and unattractive. It is a rather singular fact that in the face of this assertion the best writers, some of whom preface their books with similar remarks, devote a good deal of space to descriptions of nature. Without seeming to be aware of it, they find much to admire in the scenery of the country they pass through. Spain has a greater variety of scenery than any other equal area in Europe, some of which, like art, needs to be studied to be appreciated, and the longer one travels there the more one finds to admire. One learns to regard with affection wide expanses of sea, great sweeps of plain and barren mountain sides. Besides having attractions of their own they serve by contrast to enhance one's appreciation of the oases of green, the *huertas* and *vegas*, that every now and then appear. There is a charm of savage freedom in riding through wild nature often for miles untamed by the plough, which is better understood afterwards, when after crossing the frontier one emerges into the cultivated atmosphere of the well-tilled fields and vineyarded hills of France.

In this part of Spain the prevailing type of

dog seems to be a tall, exceedingly thin variety of greyhound with a long sharp nose and flattened head, in which room for the brain appears to have been overlooked. These dogs lack the intelligence of many other kinds. They would spring out upon us barking fiercely, but seldom came within reach of our whips. As they pranced about they reminded us of long-nosed mosquitoes. On the whole the Spanish dogs troubled us much less than those of Algeria.

Montblanch has a small unpretending *posada*, but the kindness of the proprietress makes it possible to pass the night there more comfortably than in some more pretentious places. The entrance of the *posada* like that of many others is from a sort of vestibule stable occupied by carts, horses, *borricos*, dogs, and fowls. Upstairs we found a sightly sitting-room and adjoining it a sleeping-room. But more important was the large black-eyed proprietress, who attended us smiling and begging to be allowed to help us, saying every few words she did not speak *Castillano*. With her it was not "Hay de todo," meaning she would provide what the guest brought with him, but she

gave us all we required, and the charge for it including dinner, lodging, morning chocolate, luncheon, and wine was four *pesetas* each.

Five kilometres from Espluga and reached by a rough stony cart path just wide enough for a single cart, lie the ruins of Poblet, the famous Cistercian monastery, which played for seven hundred years an important part in the religious history of Aragon.

Poblet was founded in 1149 by Berenguer IV., who endowed it by grants of large estates. Its endowments and privileges were increased by succeeding Aragonian kings, who in accordance with the fashion of the times used it as a retreat for penance and fasting during life, and as a sepulchre for their bodies after death, the sarcophagi in which these were enclosed being placed around the choir of the church. The Dukes of Cardona were also buried here.

The example thus set was followed by the nobility and other persons of note, who made use of the opportunities it offered as a religious retreat, and whose bones were also granted a resting-place within its walls, so that in time its courts became a mausoleum of the dis-

tinguished dead, embellished with elaborate and costly monuments.

As the monastery grew in riches and power, new buildings were added, till they comprised not only cathedral, chapels, dormitories, refectory, chapter-house, and library, but palaces, hospitals, warehouses, and workshops of every kind. Its library became the largest in Spain, and the whole the largest religious establishment in Europe. It counted among its inmates besides the monks and temporary occupants of its cells, a small army of servants and artisans. The number of the monks reached five hundred without exhausting the accommodations, but afterwards was cut down to sixty-six, and only persons of the highest nobility were admitted to membership.

The monks ruled with undisputed sway not only over the monastery, but also over the large and productive estates tributary to it. As was but natural, they fell into habits of indolence and luxury, became arrogant in demeanor and tyrannical in the exercise of power over their dependants. Some of their exactions were not only unjust but immoral. Even in the present century dark hints of the torture

were not wanting. As a result the monks were feared and hated by the peasants, who only awaited a fitting opportunity to revenge themselves for injuries long endured.

This came in 1835 during the Carlist agitation, when the *Cortes* passed the edict for the suppression of the monasteries. Then the vials of wrath were opened and a peasant mob invaded the sacred precincts. The monks barely escaped with their lives, leaving their treasure behind. With implacable fury the mob gutted the buildings, destroying everything within reach. Architectural ornaments, windows, paintings, monuments, and statues, including the royal effigies, were battered and shivered into fragments, and when no more remained that hands could demolish, the work of destruction was completed by fire. It was thoroughly done, and scarcely anything remained of the former splendour but débris and bare walls.

The impression made on our minds by Poblet was similar to that made by the ruins of any group of modern buildings destroyed by fire, one of utter desolation unrelieved by the softening influences of time. The buildings and

walls which are left standing, denuded of the greater part of their ornamentation, give but little suggestion of the luxury which once existed. The desecrated tombs stripped of their effigies and decorations do not fittingly recall the long line of notables whose histories were interwoven with that of this their last resting-place. The charm which attaches to Westminster, the Escorial, and Santa Croce is not to be found here.

Architects may undoubtedly find profitable material for study in the restored church and in the fragmentary details which remain, but not enough is left to afford any especial attraction for the ordinary traveller. The latter may have an interest in visiting Poblet to see the devastation wrought by the violence of a mob as he would visit Casamicciola to see the destructive effects of an earthquake, but that is about all. The place has none of that atmosphere of hallowed antiquity which tempts one to linger to reflect on the associations of the past, and when it has been seen, one is seized with the desire to get away as soon as possible from a spot which only casts a shadow upon the soul.

CHAPTER V.

EASTER SERVICE AT THE TARRAGONA CATHEDRAL —THE VENTA OF PERELLO—A PLEASANT HOUR WITH THE BRITON AT TORTOSA—SPANISH ANIMALS AND THEIR OWNERS.

IN planning a trip in Spain the question of the advisability of visiting Seville or Granada never arises, but in regard to Tarragona it does. Those who have time to make a fairly comprehensive journey will probably find it will repay them to see this city. Here those interested in Roman remains will find the greatest number to be met with anywhere except in Merida, though for that matter with the exception of the fine aqueduct and portions of the walls, partly Roman and partly Cyclopean, they are neither numerous nor well-preserved. One of the best of these is the "Torre de los Escipiones," poetically called the tomb of the Scipios, four miles distant on the sea-coast. This consists of a base and two stories of a tower of yellow stone, one face of

which has two large figures standing on pedestals much injured by time and weather. At the feet of one of the figures a good-sized tree grows out from the tower at a height of eight to ten feet from the ground, the trunk being nearly horizontal.

We spent Easter in Tarragona and attended the impressive services in the grand mediæval cathedral. If one cannot pass the Santa Semana at Seville it is well to hear the Easter mass at one of the chief cathedrals, for added to the striking pageant of priests and cardinals in gold-embroidered robes marching and chanting to heavenly strains from a stringed orchestra, is the glorious setting, according to Wagner so indispensable, the columns, arches, and domes of the building itself. In Italy there is grand music at Easter, but not the solemn hieratic splendour of the Spanish interior, which when orchestra and organ-tones roll through the Gothic vaults forms an obligato of architectural song.

It was most interesting to watch the assembled multitude. All over the floor of the great enclosure women in black mantillas kneeled devoutly, and men also scarcely less in num-

ber, many of whom when not bowed in devotion leaned against the fluted columns with faces raised to the *coro* in rapt attention. How sublime the effect at the end when orchestra, organ, and a chorus of boys' and female voices combined in a transcendent finale. As we walked out into the beautiful cloister it seemed to us but one thing could be more effective in music, and that would be the Charfreitag Zauber of *Parsifal* performed on the same spot.

Puncture of our tyres by nails and thorns, or more often by the sharp strong needles of a variety of thistle which bordered the roads throughout the eastern provinces, was a matter of almost daily occurrence; sometimes this happened two or three times in a day. The delays thus caused often afforded opportunities of studying the people.

On the afternoon of Easter Monday a tyre collapsed as we were entering Perello, a village high up among the hills twenty-five miles from Tortosa, which was our destination that day. Rain was falling steadily and the village was full of people celebrating the Easter festivities. We sought the *venta* or inn accompanied by a

noisy crowd whose holiday hilarity was tenfold increased by our appearance on the scene.

The *venta* was a most squalid place and its entrance was blocked with people lying about asleep on improvised straw beds. One of us remained in the court to protect the cycles from the elbowing crowd which swarmed around, while the other went in to try to find a room for making the needed repair. With some difficulty the landlord was differentiated from his guests. He was a burly, red-faced, dark-eyed, excitable Valencian in velveteen jacket and red-tasselled cap, for the moment rollickingly good-natured, but looking as if slight provocation might transform his mood. His appearance recalled the Valencian of whom one reads, so blithe, gay, perfidious, and devoid of all good, "who smiles and murders while he smiles."

He came out into the court, but amid the deafening chatter of the crowd it was some time before we could make him understand what was wanted. At last comprehending that we were in straits, to extricate ourselves from which we needed only for a short time a place secure from the rabble, and his mind re-

lieved of the fear that we wished to spend the night, followed by two villagers who shouldered the bicycles, he conducted us up a ladder, through a trap-door into a loft, where sacks of grain and guano were stored. Upon these the three men seated themselves to watch proceedings. Keeping one eye on the men, who all looked equally brigandish, and the other on the wheel, the repair was soon made.

Meanwhile a fourth and rather better looking individual found his way into the loft and spoke to us in French, saying he heard we were passing through the town, and he would like to talk to us in our native tongue. We seldom stopped in a town, however small, where the man who spoke French, if only a few words, did not appear anxious to assist us by the use of this accomplishment. The country people almost invariably took us to be French, never dreaming that the representatives of any more distant nation could be travelling among them. Their idea of a foreigner seems to be embodied in the term "Frances." When told on several occasions that we were from America, they regarded us with very much the same awe-inspired expression as

might have been called forth had we been inhabitants of one of the heavenly bodies. Curiously enough, later in the south of France we met a number of French bicyclists, who said they had long wished to make a tour in Spain but were afraid to venture from fear of being attacked by brigands.

When we were ready to go, we asked the landlord what his charge would be. Drawing himself up with true Spanish pride, with a flash of the eye and a rather indignant toss of the red tassel, he asked why he should take payment. We answered, while thanking him for his hospitality, as we had made use of his *fonda* we were willing to pay for the accommodation afforded. Flattered perhaps by the dignifying of his wretched *venta* with the name of *fonda*, after consultation with the French-speaking citizen, he finally decided to accept a small sum. We all parted good friends, and after thanking the men for their assistance, we rode away in the dismal rain rejoicing that we were not obliged to trust to the hospitality of the Perellian *venta* for the night.

The accommodations at the *fonda* at Tortosa were not so satisfactory as those hitherto

met with. Remains of cigarettes were scattered over the unswept brick floor of our room, and the linen on the primitive beds did not appear any too clean. Of the rest of the scanty furniture, the less said the better. As no one seemed to have any idea of helping us with our luggage, we unstrapped and carried it upstairs ourselves. From Tortosa southward in the smaller places we found it did not make much difference what a hostelry was called, whether *fonda*, *posada*, or *venta*, *parador* or *viuda* inns of an inferior type, some of them were good but others insufferably bad.

When we went down to dinner the hostess, an obese, oily-looking south Spanish woman, met us on the landing, and as dinner would not be ready for half an hour, invited us into her private sitting-room, where we found her husband and a friend. She told us an "Ingles," a countryman of ours, was stopping at the *fonda*, and she would present him to us as soon as he came in. She asked many questions, the answers to which, though simple enough, seemed to make a great impression upon her, judging from her constant look of surprise and frequent exclamations of "Por Dios." In

a childlike way she repeated to the others all that we said, although they understood it as well as she.

After a time, becoming weary of the conversation, we took out our note-books and began writing our notes. For some minutes silence reigned, but it was soon broken by a shout of joy from the hostess heralding the advent of the *Ingles*. "Here he is," she exclaimed, seizing his hand lovingly and drawing him towards us, "your countryman." It was as a brother rather than as a countryman that we felt like greeting the tall, manly young Englishman in that out-of-the-way corner of Spain. He was stopping at Tortosa for the purpose of studying in the cathedral library for a few weeks. We had a pleasant chat together, quite forgetting our landlady and her friends, until at a slight pause in the conversation, we were made aware of her existence by the sound of a sigh of contentment and a repetition of "Por Dios." She sent us off like good children to dinner, her face beaming with joy at her success in bringing the countrymen together. During the *comida* the *mozo*, who in country inns does all the waiting at table d'hôte, brought in a

bunch of cyclamen for the *Señora* with the compliments of the friendly hostess.

Our slumber was disturbed that night not only by the discomfort of our beds, but also by loud, not wholly musical, singing on the street to the accompaniment of clarinet and tambourine.

We had now been over two weeks *en route.* After passing the Spanish frontier we noticed that the animals met with on the road appeared more afraid of us than had been the case in France, and the farther south we went the more fear they showed. It was evident that bicyclists were not a familiar sight on the highways of that part of the country.

The horses seemed to mind us the least and they were generally ridden by *caballeros* who easily controlled them. The little grey, shaggy, bright-eyed asses, or *borricos*, carrying their peasant owner, or panniers loaded with various wares on their backs, did not behave very badly. They usually sidled off a little at our approach, and pointing their huge unwieldy ears looked askance at us with a sharp, cunning expression, which seemed to say, I 'll jump if you come too near, but made no other demon-

stration. Occasionally one did jump, and all the address of the driver was required to reduce it to obedience.

But the animals we most disliked to meet were the mules, some large, some small, dark brown or black brutes, with a vicious eye and ugly disposition, without a savour of humour or wit. These were driven or used singly in carts, or four to six, one before the other, in waggons. They usually made no sign till we came quite near, when they would suddenly bolt to one side, or head around and start in the opposite direction. The drivers as a rule were either intoxicated, or asleep in, or walking behind the waggon, so that they could seldom exercise proper control.

Where several mules were harnessed in line, if the leader kept his senses, the shying of the others created no great disturbance, but if he turned or ran to one side, all the rest invariably followed. Dismounting, the only thing for us to do, was about as bad as riding on, as this seemed to frighten them still more. The worst feature of all for us was, the muleteers were angry with us as the cause of the trouble, taking the ground that we had no right on any

part of the highway, and we undoubtedly owed our escape from personal attack on several occasions to the fact that the mules demanded all their attention. We found it advisable to ride on as soon as we could get by. So common became such action on the part of the mules that at last we met them with dread, and often dismounted and walked by on the extreme edge of the road to avoid alarming them.

One beautiful evening we were riding along the coast route approaching Castellon de la Plana skirting the picturesque mountain spur called El Desierto, the bold zigzag outlines of which were silhouetted against the western sky, when among other vehicles we came upon a two-wheeled cart drawn by a hybrid beast of the mule type, in which rode two men returning from their day's labour. Suddenly the mule bolted and ran at full speed in the opposite direction. One of the men jumped or was thrown out of the cart as it turned. The other tried in vain to check the animal which ran with him for some distance till stopped by a man on the road.

The man who was thrown out was not hurt, and did not seem to take the accident amiss,

but pursued the runaway. We followed slowly, wishing to give him a chance to assist before trying again to pass. He soon reached the cart and took the mule by the head. As we approached, the other man jumped out of the cart, and seizing a sort of mattock with heavy handle and long iron blade, and raising it above his head with both hands, ran towards us in a towering passion, threatening our lives, and swearing we should go no farther.

We told him to stand back, and let us pass, but he paid no attention to the request, continuing to advance in the same threatening manner. When he came within about ten feet of us, seeing that something more than words was necessary, we drew our revolvers and covered him. Instantly his demeanor changed. Lowering the mattock, and raising his right arm before his face as if to shut out the sight of the weapons that glared upon him, he crouched down and stood for a moment very much in the attitude of a whipped cur. Then seeing we did not fire, he quickly retreated towards his cart, offering no further obstruction as with revolvers still drawn we walked by.

CHAPTER VI.

TRANSITIONAL VALENCIA — ARCADIAN JATIVA — A MOUNTAIN-TOP PRELUDE TO AFRICAN SPAIN — AT THE VIUDA OF JIJONA.

BETWEEN Castellon and Valencia, the olive groves are remarkably fine, and some of the trees are apparently very old, their massive gnarled trunks giving the impression of almost as great age as those of the *Bois Sacrés* of Algeria. Later comes the *huerta* of Valencia, where the road runs for miles through orange and lemon groves. Whether it was a special year for large crops we did not learn, but many of the trees, which were large and luxuriant, were bent to the ground with their burden of golden fruit. Others looked like huge bouquets of orange blossoms, so completely lost were the details of the tree in the abundance of the flower, and the heavy fragrance of the air recalled our never-to-be-forgotten cycling days in Sicily, among the sweet-scented gardens near Palermo.

The wonderful productiveness of the *huertas* from here to Murcia is due to the admirable system of irrigation devised by the Moors and used ever since. Besides the extensive network of canals which distribute water from the rivers, Moorish irrigation wells are constantly passed, where a large vertical wheel with buckets attached raises the water from wells into reservoirs.

With the exception of the teamsters the Valencians were amiable and ready to do us any favour in their power, and in return although willing to accept cigars they would seldom take money. Near Jativa where a stream had to be forded, we found the first man who for carrying the wheels over a river would not accept a tip.

Valencia ought to be interesting from its connection with the Cid "Campeador," who in 1094 after a twenty years' siege entered it in triumph, and afterwards made it the scene of so many exploits. Its two grand gates, the Puerta de Serranos and Puerta del Cuarte, are worth stopping here to see, as well as the handsome mediæval Casa de Lonja or Exchange, and the half Moorish octagonal Torre de

Miquelete, which is old and striking and has not been modernised to any extent.

The two or three private houses mentioned as deserving a visit are not of much importance, and even the famous *ajimez* windows very numerous here have the reputation of being a good deal modernised. These attractive openings, made to admit the sunlight, so Arab in style and name, become a kind of architectural sugar-plum to the tourist, who in the Mediterranean towns as well as in those of Andalucia expects to come upon them in his daily wanderings as surely as he does to eat his salted almonds at table d'hôte.

When he has learned to admire the delicate arches and marble shafts topped by sculptured capitals, it is truly depressing to learn that a noted authority while acknowledging their charm says that, owing to their frequency and similarity of style, he is forced to admit the possibility of their having been made in one place and sent about to different towns as called for. As he has no authority but his own supposition for this hypothesis, we are not bound to believe it, but may insist on looking with unprejudiced eyes through the *ajimez*, whether

upon azure seas or the primrose-covered *vega* of Granada.

Genuine African motives in architecture and scenery appear as one advances farther into the peninsula, but with respect to these Valencia is barely transitional.

The fondness shown by the inhabitants of Aragon and Navarre for destroying their antiquities was exercised in Valencia in the tearing down of the grand old walls of which scarcely a vestige remains.

Some would have us believe that the old Valencian, half Moor half Spaniard, fresh from the *huerta* and the rice fields, may still be seen if not in classic burnous, yet with the bright coloured *manta* hanging from his shoulders. This may be the case on state occasions, but when we saw him he wore a no more picturesque costume than the day labourer of Italy. In the country about Europesa and Castellon we saw men in the orange groves in white linen trousers and *alpargatas*, or hempen sandals, a costume which must have been transmitted to their forefathers by the Moors in 1600, like the *noria*, or water-wheel, and other agricultural legacies. But picturesque costumes are rare here as elsewhere in Spain to-day.

We went to the Corpus Christi chapel to see the *chef d'œuvres* of Ribalta. As we entered, a stout black-robed sacristan motioned to us from the other side of the nave to stand back. Not understanding the meaning of the sign we continued to advance, when he hastily joined us, saying no lady was permitted to enter the chapel without a mantilla.

"What, not a stranger wishing particularly to see the paintings?"

"No, no one."

"But we have no mantilla."

"You will have to go and get one."

"We are travelling. Our trunk is now in Murcia, and we do not care to buy a mantilla for a half-hour's use."

As argument availed nothing, one of us suggested the sacristan might perhaps borrow a mantilla from some one of his lady friends and meet us with it later. The idea seemed to strike him favourably, and he agreed to meet us at four o'clock in the afternoon provided with the necessary article.

At the appointed hour we returned and found him standing in the shadow of a column with a large black mantilla over his arm. One of us enveloped in its ample folds we made the

circuit of the Ribalta, the merits of which it is difficult to appreciate on account of the darkness of the chapel even at midday. On our departure the sacristan received the mantilla together with a *propina* with evident satisfaction. Probably this custom, which we observed nowhere else in Spain, will be strictly adhered to in the future, at least by that sacristan.

Poets have sung of "Valencia del Cid" and its *huerta*, but they might find a more appropriate subject or at least a more poetic one in Jativa and its surroundings. Here one finds the Arcadian plain of the Moor with its miles of orange, olive, ilex, and carouba trees surmounted not by a half-modern Spanish city only, but by a grand castle of quaintest Moorish outline.

The town of Jativa, clean and bright, lies at the foot of a beautiful verdure-clad hill, over which in a tangle of prickly pear, ilex, and ivy the ancient dog-toothed wall rambles upward in gray picturesque lines to join the *castillo*. The hill is broken into two summits, separated by a deep ivy- and myrtle-grown ravine, and even here where the approach is wild and

steep, the shattered wall finds its uncertain way until lost among the massive watch-towers of the romantic crumbling ruin at the top.

As we walk in the few remaining rooms of this ruin, carpeted now with grass and tall honeysuckle, and look out of the battered openings, once windows, upon the fair *vega* below, we wonder with what thoughts the Infantes de Cerda, confined here in the thirteenth century, looked upon the queenly realm of Valencia, visible to the sparkling sea. With feelings of hatred, it is to be feared, since Sancho el Bravo was enjoying the use of their royal prerogatives. Doubtless the wicked Cæsar Borgia, also confined in one of the towers of Jativa, was a prey to equally unhallowed thoughts, as his gaze each day fell upon the orchards and rice fields interwoven with bands of liquid silver, for the two rivers of Jativa, although used to irrigate the plain, are not represented by beds of dry stones as are those of Valencia.

This idyl of a castle seems chiefly to have sheltered royal personages, for again we read of Ferdinand the Catholic imprisoning the Duke of Calabria upon these heights. But who

knows whether this languishing Italian, pining for his own beautiful Calabria, did not appreciate better than the others the *huerta*, the drab town clinging to the mountain side, and the far-removed cluster of peaks purpling in the lemon afterglow of a Spanish sunset sky?

In the old times the *castillo* evidently covered a large area and was very strong, but now little remains standing except the outer walls and the broken Torre de Campana, crowning the highest crest of rock. Divinely picturesque it is, almost without a compeer in this land of romantic castles. The enchantment of the view will long linger in the memory of those who see it, for besides the semi-tropical beauty of the *huerta*, bounded on one side by varied mountains, there is Valencia, a note of modern Spain, which lies in its own garden, facing the broad zone of the infinite, the sea.

You have but to cross a small bed of green and look out of another window to find such a contrast as only Spain offers. Here the walls, heavier than on the Valencia side, run tumbling down into a desolate valley, where not a bush nor green thing relieves the picture. On the farther side of this a barren waste rises,

which ends in a mountain range as dust-coloured and monotonous as itself.

Jativa is worth a visit if only for the study in contrasts it affords. The famed *vega* of Granada is not so exquisite as the Jativa *huerta*, and the dreariest corner of the Alpujarras cannot exceed in desolate abomination the country behind the Torre de Campana. Only a Moorish castle divides ripe summer from the barrenness of midwinter.

Jativa was once famous for the manufacture of fine linen handkerchiefs. Now its people devote themselves chiefly to the cultivation of the soil. We found them good-natured, and not averse to serving as subjects for our kodak. Does the Spaniard show a higher degree of civilisation than the Moor in that he is willing to grant the desired favour, while the latter takes himself off at the first sign of an attempt at his likeness. Or is it only a more developed form of conceit, for of a certainty the Spaniard thinks himself a *beau garçon*.

The path which winds up the hill from Jativa to the Torre de Campana, edged with grass and shaded by olives, cypress, and huge cacti, makes a fitting avenue to the loveli-

ness above. About fifteen minutes above the town it runs over a little plateau where a church stands embowered in a garden of locusts and olives. We happened to pass the church as the vesper service was over, and the congregation, composed of the upper classes of Jativa, came pouring out. We made some inquiries about the path to a hermitage we were looking for.

The ladies all in black mantillas gathered around, asking us about our nationality and object in coming to Spain. As we went on they followed, and when we stopped a short distance farther on to take some views, they set their portable chairs, carried for church use, on the ground near-by, sat down and gave themselves up to the enjoyment of steady staring.

The long, intense, unblushing, yet respectful stare of the Spaniard must be another Moorish inheritance, it is so exactly that of the Arabs of the interior of Algeria and Morocco. A Spanish woman does not take a person in with a single, quick, penetrating, sweeping glance as does the English or American woman. She gazes steadily and in gazing does not seem to solve the riddle.

Owing to a number of mountain passes to be crossed, we were not able to reach Alicante in one day from Jativa, but had to put up for the night at the most out-of-the-way little place imaginable. The route lay through a desolate mountain region. The only town of any importance, Alcoy, was reached at noon when it was too early to stop off. Had we wished to stay there we could not have done so, as no room was to be had at the *posada*. The whole place was in an uproar with side shows and merry-go-rounds in full operation, the people being in that state of ebullition that characterises a Spanish country *fête*. As was usual when we arrived on the scene on such occasions, they worked off their superfluous spirits on us, pressing around to see us and our wheels and accompanying us until we left the town, which we speedily did, trusting to luck and some mountain *venta* for luncheon.

We afterwards learned that the people were celebrating the annual April *fête* in honour of the patron saint of the town, St. George, who is said to have fought on the Spanish side in the war with the Moors in 1227. Sham fights and various other spectacles take place at this

time, but it would require superhuman endurance for a stranger to live in the town during the several days occupied by the festival.

Alcoy lies at the base of a mountain range which, the people told us truly, it would take three hours to climb. For the cheerless ascent we had our reward in a very extended and striking view. We must have been, at the highest point, at least four thousand feet above the sea, which could be seen beyond the land in the dim distance. The horizon seemed limitless, owing doubtless to the clearness of the atmosphere.

We overlooked many lower mountain ridges rising into sharply defined sections one behind the other from out a grayish plain. Nature seemed to have bewitched these with some trickery of her own, dyeing each ridge with a different coloured robe, and the combination of red, pink, blue, and russet was fascinating to behold. As we rode around the contours of the mountain, the scene lost none of its kaleidoscopic attractiveness, and on descending, the lower hills, which seen from above had appeared flat, rose into view in the form of long cockscombs of red and blue.

Just after sunset Jijona appeared high up among the hills, a row of white houses surmounted by a grey Moorish citadel perched in a nest of gigantic dolomitic rocks. The place had a savage picturesqueness that, had we not been obliged to spend the night there, would have inspired us with boundless enthusiasm; as it was it looked too savage to augur well for comfort. Not having been able to learn whether it had a *posada*, we inquired of a man as we rode in. He said there was one, but advised us to go to the *viuda* where the accommodations were better, so wondering what the *viuda* of the rock-crowned village might be we went in search of it.

The houses all looked alike and in the absence of any distinguishing mark it was not without some trouble that we at last diagnosed the right one. The front door opened into a bare room in which three women sat sewing, one of whom was the hostess. She gave us a room on the first floor, which though not luxurious, answered the purpose of a lodging place for the night. Getting up a meal was another matter and we soon realised we were in one of those historic taverns, where the

traveller is expected to go out and forage for his own supplies. In an interview with the hostess on this subject we asked:

"Have you any meat?"

"No, meat is not sold in Jijona after twelve o'clock noon."

"Fish?"

The landlady smiled a withered smile. "I have not seen fish in many a day."

"Well, then, eggs?"

She reflected a moment. "Yes, I think I can get some eggs."

"Good, give us eggs—a great many."

"How many, four?"

"What else have you?"

"Nothing but bread."

"Then ten eggs if you please."

With a surprised expression at the number called for by such *gourmands* she left us. It was growing dark and, not finding any candle, we went down to the room which served as hall, kitchen, and sitting-room for the family, to inquire for one, when they told us they had none. Hoping candles were sold after twelve o'clock in the town, we went out in search of a shop where we succeeded in securing two.

On our return we found the woman actually attempting a *tortilla* or omelet.

When she brought it to our room her interest in us seemed to have awakened, perhaps because we were long-suffering and bought our own candles. At any rate she served besides as roast an ancient smoked sausage, remarking with almost a pleasant tone of voice that if we remained until the next day at noon she could cook us some fresh meat, but not fish, that was rarely seen in Jijona.

We ate the *tortilla* feeling crushed and ready to acknowledge our *naïveté* in asking for fish in Spain when at least fifteen miles from the sea. It was surprising how fond the at first indifferent hostess became of us. In order to stop her questions and relieve the room of her presence we had to put our heads on the pillows and tell her we could not keep awake a minute longer. We paid the bill that night, as was our custom, as we were to leave at six the next morning, several hours before a Spaniard gets up. She held our hands and bade us adieu tenderly, making us promise that we would stay with her should we ever come to Jijona again.

During the night we were dimly conscious in our sleep of a tremendous uproar, as of a mob, in the midst of which the word *bicicletas* was repeatedly heard. We had left our bicycles as we supposed securely locked up in the entrance room, having been assured no one would touch them, so the noise did not cause anxiety enough to awaken us. When we came to put the luggage on in the morning one of the handle-bars was found twisted around and the brake damaged. The cause of the tumult was now evident. A number of the townspeople had been admitted to view these curiosities, the like of which had probably never been seen in Jijona before, and in the consequent excitement they had tried to mount them with the result described.

There was no question of morning coffee or chocolate either here or in many other towns, and a piece of dry bread was the only substitute until we reached Alicante towards nine o'clock.

CHAPTER VII.

AN ENCOUNTER WITH TEAMSTERS—MOTIVES AMONG THE PALMS — GLORIES OF AFRICAN SPAIN — MURCIA, THE PEARL OF THE HUERTA.

THE Fortress overhanging Alicante has been compared in appearance to a dust heap. This comparison does not ill apply to the whole environment of the place, although at times when the sun casts its shadows aslant, the unfruitful hills are transformed into beauty spots upon the landscape. In regard to the architecture of the city not much can be said, as its maritime importance, such as it is, has introduced so much of the modern as to obscure the prestige of the flat-roofed buildings.

The one really beautiful place remarkable for its extreme contrast to the burned and leafless surroundings is the Paseo de los Martires, running by the sea. This is bordered by four rows of handsome palms, and who that has felt its magic, sitting before the

turquoise mirror of the sea in the witching play of the shadows cast upon the broad walk by the curling plumes, will ever think again of the Paseo of Barcelona?

Since leaving Valencia the animals on the road had become more numerous and more timid, and our progress was a good deal impeded by the frequent necessity of dismounting to avoid frightening them. At one of the towns an official asked us politely to ride slowly and with care when we met teams on the road. The people from here to Murcia have a large admixture of Moorish blood in their veins and have the reputation of being the most ill-disposed and revengeful of any in Spain. The teamsters appear to be even more addicted to the use of alcohol than those farther north, which does not improve the character of their otherwise none too gentle dispositions. They carry the long Albacete knife, which they use freely on slight provocation.

On a lonely stretch between Alicante and Elche we espied ahead a caravan of some twenty teams coming towards us. The front waggon drawn by four mules was minus its

driver, who was riding in the second waggon. As we came abreast of it the mules made a dash for the side, dragging the waggon over the edge of the roadbed, which was raised about three feet. The driver, a huge bull-headed ruffianly fellow with a bloated sun-burned face, jumped down, and, instead of looking after his mules, made a spring for the male member of our party who had dismounted, and seized his wheel with threatening manner and words. Involuntarily one hand was carried to the revolver pocket but instantly withdrawn as the uselessness of making any resistance in the presence of a score of teamsters was evident. Seeing this movement and thinking probably a knife was about to be drawn, the man let go his hold of the wheel and beside himself with anger sprang to the back of his waggon and excitedly sought something there.

We then started to walk on but had not advanced many steps when, turning, we beheld him only a few feet distant rushing upon us with a knife twelve to eighteen inches long in his hand, his fiendish face livid with rage. There was no time now for drawing a revolver, the assailant was too near for that. He crouched

down and drew back his arm to strike. There seemed to be no chance of escape. The stab of the gleaming blade could almost be felt, the exact spot where it would enter be judged. It was one of those moments when one feels absolutely defenceless in the face of almost certain death. Fortunately one of his companions, who saw what he was about, sprang upon him and caught his arm just at the critical moment, and two others coming up held him, telling us to go on.

This sort of adventure was becoming a trifle too frequent to suit our fancy. We had not come to Spain to measure our prowess with that of intoxicated teamsters; we neither aspired to the glory of shooting them nor did we court the notoriety of falling a sacrifice to their brutal passions. The stupid mule, the cause of the trouble, was in use everywhere, and up to this point his stupidity had steadily increased. While it seemed almost foolhardy to continue the journey with bicycles if this state of affairs was to last, as we had now nearly finished with the coast provinces, we determined to push on, hoping for better things in other parts. In this we were not mistaken.

After leaving Murcia the people were entirely different and never gave us occasion to complain.

At Alicante African Spain may be said to begin. From there to Murcia the landscape, the atmosphere, the vegetation, all have a distinctly north African character. Elche, situated among thousands of date palms rising to the height of forty to sixty feet, closely resembles an oasis in the desert. Still although it has its palms and flat roofs and square towers, it lacks the mud walls and graceful burnoused figures that lend an Oriental charm to oases like Vieille Biskra. If the tourist has never been in any of the countries of north Africa nor seen an oasis in the Sahara, let him by no means omit to visit Elche, but let him not stop here but continue on to Murcia by the carriage road, for it is on this drive that African Spain bursts upon him in all its enthralling beauty.

Orihuela, the largest town on the route, is about thrity miles from Alicante and marks the narrowest point of the province of Valencia. For some miles beyond Elche the country remains flat, but before Orihuela mountains

begin to appear bounding the *huerta* on the right. They are not very high but add an exceedingly effective line to the landscape, their grey rock cones rising perpendicularly from the luxuriant gardens lying under their shadow.

Palm trees line the roadside for miles. The plain is covered with plantations of orange, lemon, pomegranate, fig, and olive, among which scattered palms lift their broad heads with far statelier pride than when standing with others in an oasis. At intervals small towns, very Oriental in appearance, with domed azure-tiled mosques, are passed, which nestling among the palms add to the attractiveness of the route.

What is Elche as a picture compared with Granja with its double-towered Moorish church, or Coj with its old *castillo* clinging to the frowning height, its houses built into the rock of the mountain and overgrown with aloes, fig, and cacti? There are Callosa de Segura and Albatera, flat-roofed and minareted, where modern buildings if existing are lost among the foliage, and from these places may be seen the Montaña de Callosa, where amethyst

steeps glowing in the afternoon light contrast with the varied tints of the plain in an ensemble of colour and outline nowhere surpassed in effect.

And so one passes from one bewitching scene to another from Elche to Murcia, a distance of forty miles. We have taken grand rides, desolate rides, and lovely rides, but never one so intoxicatingly beautiful as this through African Spain. And in praising we echo the words of a German, one of the few writers on Spain who appear to have visited this region, "Why is this lovely corner of the world so little known?"

In this earthly paradise the people, and especially the children, of the towns were so rude and annoying that we hurried through them as fast as possible and were usually favoured with a parting shower of stones. Quiet enjoyment of the scenery was impossible, for when the towns were safely passed a shadow of danger was lurking in the air whenever we met with a team or a mule. The one riding ahead, for the roads were often too bad to admit of riding abreast, rang the bell several times in a kilometre, awaiting anxiously the return ring

as a signal of safety from attack by an angry teamster or muleteer.

Murcia is the culminating point of this garden land. Semi-Eastern in its flat stone-roofed buildings, some of which are painted in colour, with its various towers, blue-tiled domes, cheery squares, and well-arranged *alameda*, it rises like a bright flower from the midst of its *huerta*, which is fifteen miles long and ten wide. This *huerta*, best seen from the cathedral tower, is adorned with mulberry trees, tall canes, and golden grain, besides those staple beautifiers the orange, lemon, and carouba. One can see where at a corner across the valley the *huerta* ends and the tawny desert begins, in other words, where irrigation ceases or, as the Spaniards say, the river is "sangrado"—bled to death and can no longer do its work. The district is girt about by a circle of barren mountains.

The term "Poblacion agricolo que poco vale," an agricultural population of little worth, used of provincial Valencians, applies equally to the Murcians. "The Pagan goddess of apathy and ignorance rules as undisturbed and undisputed" in Murcia to-day as ever. North

Spaniards smile and shrug their shoulders when the intelligence of the Murcians is discussed. In the few days we spent in Murcia we had occasion several times to ask about places in regard to which no one was able to give a satisfactory answer. One day we were looking for the Monte Agudo, a much praised point of view a short distance from the city. Nobody we asked appeared to have heard of it, so we ascended the cathedral belfry to have the keeper point it out. It was quite useless: he designated numerous convents and unimportant churches, but the Monte Agudo he had never seen.

The Murcians resemble the Valencians in physique and complexion but are more indifferent, and when angry are obstinate rather than fiery. They are not early risers. In most Spanish *fondas* one can by pressing the matter procure a cup of chocolate by eight o'clock, but in Murcia servants and waiters remain dormant until the chief breakfast hour, about eleven. At meals the waiters throw the plates on the table before the guests in a manner that endangers the integrity of the china, and hurl the knives and forks after them with a total

disregard of the place where they may land. The food is of good quality and abundant. Large plates of oranges stand upon the table, to which the guests help themselves freely at any time during the meal, picking them over to select the best.

The climate is of course mild in winter and by April summer sets in. On the twentieth of April we saw grain fully ripe in the fields, and the temperature was too warm for comfort in the sun. The air was laden with the fragrance of orange blossoms.

CHAPTER VIII.

THROUGH THE GATE OF THE VANQUISHED MOORS INTO THE FLOWER LAND OF ANDALUCIA—THE RED PALACE OF GRANADA—EL ULTIMO SUSPIRO.

THE twenty-seventh of April found us entering Andalucia through the "Puerto de los Perros," a narrow gorge in the Sierra Morena mountains. It is a wild rocky spot, not desolate, because of the trailing green that in Spain so often throws its softening presence over the boldest crags. Through this door the vanquished Moors retreated from Castile into Andalucia, but what a commentary on the Spanish appreciation of the great monuments they left behind is the name given to the pass, the Passage of the Dogs.

In the mountains to the left the Knight of the Rueful Countenance accomplished his penance, and somewhat farther back on the road stands the well known Venta de Cardenas, which like many another historic or legendary

monument has an unimposing exterior resembling that of any other wayside *venta*.

Once the mountains are passed the prodigal fields of Andalucia stretch southward, losing themselves in a wide perspective bounded by gold-shot, undulating hills. Again the contrasts of Spain are felt. Four days ago we left the palm land of Murcia, yesterday we wheeled for hours over the unvarying, toneless plains of La Mancha, and to-day nature spreads before us fields of buttercups and daisies yellow as Bavarian mustard, long slopes of flaming poppies, and gardens of blooming wild roses, in which extremes of colour blend perfectly, as in the great Nibelungen harmonies. Before reaching Granada a night was spent at Bailen and a day at Jaen. From the latter town three mountain ranges had to be crossed before approaching the snow-crowned Sierra Nevada, but the journey was interesting, affording a varied combination of the fertile and the sublime.

The route is well patrolled by the *guardia civil*, who very sensibly even at the beginning of May cover their black hats with white linen. Here as everywhere else we found them very friendly. A thunder cloud was settling over

the snow fields of Mulahacen, as in a violent dust and wind storm we rode into the *vega* of the Moors. This unfriendly disturbance of the elements blew us tired and dust stained across the Plaza de Toros into the narrow streets of Granada.

We wondered where the soft winds and fair skies of Andalucia had vanished to, as we ascended the Alhambra hill in disgust. We entered the Duke of Wellington's elm grove, the songful woods of the Alhambra, and disgust changed to admiration.

An unkind critic of this park made the remark, he had read it was shaded by orange and cypress trees, but to his great disappointment he found "only elms." True, but he did not realize that in the eighty-three years since they were planted they have reached a height and luxuriance probably seen in few places in Europe. Perhaps his impressions were acquired only in the day-time, when the insupportable guides to the Alhambra are waylaying every visitor and "the chief of the Gypsies' model of the immortal Fortuny" is strutting abroad posing and offering his photograph for sale. Had he walked among those trees in the gloaming,

when their lofty tops are tipped with silver while night has fallen about their ivied trunks, when an enchanted sensuousness fills the air, when all disturbers have departed and the silence is broken by nothing save the song of the nightingale, more thrilling and haunting than ever an Æolian harp, could he have called them "only elms"?

If in 1829 Irving could say the Alhambra had been so often described that little remained to be said, how much more applicable is this remark to-day? Hence one is not called upon to repeat the legend in regard to the cabalistic signs of the hand and key over the Gate of Justice, but may content oneself with admiring its massive form and orange-red colour, which fancy delights to picture as the result of centuries of Andalucian sunsets. Neither does one thirst on the sweeps of La Mancha nor cross half a dozen ranges of Sierras to resuscitate for the fiftieth time the doubtful tale of the blood spilling of the Abencerrages.

After making the regulation round of the Alhambra, when a permit to roam at will about its courts undisturbed by guides is obtained, one feels very much as the young Englishman

felt, who, unable to restrain his joy, rushed up to one of the lions of the fountain and began to stroke it tenderly. Much praised, much maligned "Taza de los Leones." The *naïveté* of action of the Englishman is certainly more to be commended than the criticism of another less imaginative tourist, who upon seeing the fountain exclaimed, "Are those the famous lions of the Alhambra? I would never glance at them twice. They do not look at all like lions."

Such remarks are enough to call forth a snap of rage from the square jaws of these quaint historic beasts, and make one wish that the enterprise of tourist bureaus and steamboat companies had not made Granada so accessible to the travelling philistine. Of course they do not look like lions as we see them, and those who prefer a nearer approach to the real thing need not travel as far as Granada to find it. If the resemblance were exact one would not care to throw oneself down under the moth-coloured marble columns, and looking across the sun-glanced court reflect upon the verses written in praise of these flat-footed curios, the tenor of which ran, O

thou who lookest upon these lions, note that "they want only life to make them perfect." The association of such ideas with such lions produces just the motives that hold one lingering in this court.

Much has been said against the Alhambra of late years. Some say they would not take the trouble to visit a place of which so good an idea can be obtained from photographs. Those who have seen something of the world know how much the opinions of such mental travellers, who have perhaps never been beyond the limits of their native town, are worth. But are not those who have seen it a little superficial in their judgment when they say, it has all gone to pieces or is ruined by restorations, or that it does not compare with the Alcazar of Seville?

For much of what went to pieces or rather was ruthlessly destroyed, Charles V. must be blamed, and for the ravages of fire the carelessness of later time Spaniards, who permitted this great treasure to be inhabited and handled as it was; but when all has been said, the best still remains in no sense a ruin. The restorations nowhere obtrusive, so ably carried out

under the direction of Señor Contreras, deserve only praise. Had wood been used in place of stucco, and glass where it should not be, and the mystic softness of age-tempered walls covered with a tapestry of paint and mosaic garish as a modern rug, as in the Alcazar of Seville, then might the traveller forbear to go to Granada.

It is said the Moors liked bright colours, and perhaps they did, but should by any chance the shade of Yusuf I. find itself in the Sevillian palace to-day, it would doubtless flee at once to the more subdued and æsthetic halls of the Alhambra. If disappointment is felt on the first visit to the palace, repeated ones will efface this feeling, as we better appreciate its arches and columns so infinitely higher as artistic creations than those of Seville, its inimitable *media naranja* stalactite ceilings made in thousands of pieces combined in fictions such as only the cultured sultans of Granada could invent, and its walls covered with inscriptions interwoven with numberless intricate designs of which the eye never tires, and dadoed with rarest ancient *azulejos* which find an echo only perhaps in those of the Mosque Verte at Brussa, in com-

binations as delicate as the illuminated pages of the books in the Escorial library.

And the views! Who has not felt the charm of the Alhambra ever afterwards when once he has looked through the windows of the Sala de los Embajadores upon the sunny valley of the Darro and the distant heights of Alhama? Leaving out of account the views of Granada and the *vega*, the finest window motif is the Mirador de Lindaraja, overlooking the Patio de las Naranjas. Box, cypress, and orange-trees swaying in the breeze, surrounded by filagree arches and the dainty columns of the *ajimez*, form a pastorale that needs only music for its completion.

The apartments occupied by Ferdinand and Isabella and Irving and the Mirador of the Sultanas, afterwards boudoir of Elizabeth of Parma, also open on this court. We do not think so much of them as we look into it as of the Arabian inscription describing the garden "where the flowers of the earth vie with the stars of Heaven."

Hegel says the intelligence, character, passions, and culture of a people are reflected in the material and intellectual works left by them. The truth of this observation is well

shown in the Alhambra, where the afterbreath of the spirit of the Moors hovers softly in all its halls. With this epitome of the learning, fancy, and fanaticism of eight centuries of cultivation before us, it is not strange that we turn away untouched even with common interest from the massive unfinished renaissance pile of Charles V., to build which artists went to Pisa and Florence for inspiration.

That they did not find much is evident, though architects say that its style was good so far as it went. Charles intended it should be one of the finest palaces in Spain, but most of all he wished it to surpass in beauty the one left by the vanquished Mussulmen, that in the contemplation of the splendours of his reign, posterity should forget the architectural greatness of the Arabs. Had he really hoped to succeed in this noble scheme he would better have destroyed fully the important parts of the Alhambra. Doubting, as one is often forced to do, the good taste of the architectural reforms introduced by this monarch, one feels grateful for the earthquake shocks that are reported to have dampened his zeal and caused him to abandon his Berruguetean château.

There are other interesting things in Gra-

nada, but they are dwarfed by the presence of the Moorish palace, and one's first thought in the morning and last at night during a fortnight's stay is the Alhambra. One views with comparative indifference the effigies of Ferdinand and Isabella in the Capilla Real. The likenesses are said to be perfect. If so, how narrow must have been their royal souls, for if a judgment can be formed from carved images, all the cruelty and fanaticism of their successors lay smouldering in their dark eyes and hard cold features. One examines their splendid sepulchres and descends into the vault where their bones lie, and then hurries away to the Torre de la Vela for sunset.

We had intended when we went to Granada to ride out to Santa Fé, where the capitulation of Granada was signed and whence Columbus started for his first American voyage, but after a week of the Alhambra we turned our wheels to the "Ultimo Suspiro del Moro" instead. Accompanied by three Granada *caballeros* we rode over meadows, forded streams, and at last followed a bad dusty road up into the barren hills outskirting the Alpujarras, until, just before it dipped into the valley beyond, our

Spanish friends said "Halt." We turned and faced Granada. Here was the spot where Boabdil looked for the last time upon the *vega* and the city, and sighing passed on, leaving the field to the Catolicos. As we started on our return a silver-toned ring from a cyclometer told us we had ridden a thousand miles from the Spanish border to the "Ultimo."

The conquest of Granada may or may not have been to the advantage of Spain, this question historians can discuss, but the sympathy of the art-loving visitor of the Alhambra will ever follow Boabdil, weak though he was, into his lonely exile in the Alpujarras.

CHAPTER IX.

OVER THE MALAGA SIERRAS TO THE QUEEN OF THE SHIMMERING SEA—RONDA, A JAUNT TO THE CUEVA DEL GATO AND THE ZUMIDERO.

THE approach to Granada is guarded on every side by chains of sierras and one must be prepared to grapple with steep grades in passing these. Inquiry about the road to Malaga only elicited the information that it was "muy pendiente" (very steep). South Spaniards are apt to call mountain grades *muy pendiente*, and they are often correct. In Spain as well as in Algeria we found it difficult to obtain any accurate idea of the character of a given road even from those who had been over it.

The route from Granada to Malaga is one of the most interesting as regards scenery in Spain and well repays for the effort it demands. From Loja, a picturesque town on a hill surrounded by flowering meadows and possessing

almost as many singing fountains as Granada, a good road ascends for some miles to the top of the mountain chain, along which it runs for hours winding in a serpentine course from one ridge to another, until at last it comes out on an abrupt height over Malaga.

The views obtained from the road after it reaches the heights are magnificent and very extended. One looks off upon a panorama of sharp bald mountain peaks in various shades of grey, brown, and red thrown together in wildest confusion, their precipitous sides descending abruptly into abysses which the eye cannot fathom, or enclosing lower hills and valleys some green, some barren. Here and there villages dot the landscape, built in rocky fastnesses seemingly inaccessible, and one wonders how their inhabitants can wring their subsistence from such a desert wilderness.

As we rode on the aërial pathway along the brink of precipices we were often obliged to dismount and scramble over the *ramblas* or *barrancas*, dry beds of winter torrents, which had swept across the road. The spurs of the savage peaks and mountain sides around

were gashed and gullied by these in every direction. They suggested the vivid descriptions of Irving of the fierce encounters between the Spaniards and Moors, when they met in bitter enmity in just such places as these, which "in after times have become the favourite haunts of robbers to waylay the unfortunate traveller." As we looked over the slopes "shagged with rocks and precipices" we could better appreciate what the scenes in the mountains of Malaga in the absence of roads must have been, when the good Master of Santiago on hearing the echoes of the war-cry of El Zagal told his knights entangled in the *barrancas*, they would make a road with their hearts since they could not with their swords.

We came out on the brow of the mountain as the sun was setting, when on rounding a hillock an entirely different scene suddenly broke upon us. Directly under us, four thousand feet below, lay Malaga in a garden of fruit-trees bordered by the sapphire sea, which, spreading onward, bounded the horizon in front. Back of the city the lower foot-hills were bathed in a flood of aqua-marine light. To the right, stretching away one behind the

other into the dim distance, we counted ten mountain ranges, each enveloped in a hazy mantle of a different shade of blue.

We asked a road repairer if the road down was good. Looking doubtfully at our wheels he answered, "Yes, it is good, but *muy pendiente.*" We had ten miles to ride and only an hour of twilight as we started on the descent, which proved to be very sharp in places. We were obliged to ride with caution, dismounting several times as the road wound around curves dangerously near the edge of precipices. The plain was reached in safety as darkness was closing in.

Malaga is mentioned as a desirable winter resort for invalids. While the climate is doubtless favourable, he must be a strong-nerved invalid who can endure the pandemonium of indescribable noises that renders night hideous in this city. Among these are the peculiar penetrating cries of the hawker and newsboy, the loud talking of the crowds surging through the streets, the rolling of carriages, the rattle of iron window-shutters as they are drawn down for the night, and the frequent shriek of shrill whistles, all of which combine

in a medley of sound that effectually banishes sleep till well towards morning.

Of the sights of Malaga little need be said. The Gibralfaro, a hill at the east end of the city, affords a good prospect of the sea, the town, and the near mountains, but the view from it as compared with that of the previous day from the heights above was as the view from the Rigi to that from the Matterhorn. The crumbling battlements of this former Hill of the Beacon scarcely give an idea of the impregnable walls from the parapets of which its brave defender "Ez Zegry and his undaunted followers poured boiling pitch and rosin upon the assailants."

A good idea of a Spanish *hacienda* may be obtained by visiting some of those around Malaga, which are well worth seeing. The orange and lemon trees of those we saw did not impress us as having the luxuriant vigor and size of those near Valencia. The gardens are large and contain many remarkable trees and plants, but do not compare with those of some of the villas near Palermo in the variety of rare trees or in artistic arrangement. However, the gardens of Palermo are *ne plus ultra*, and those

in question, to do them justice, show a nearer approach to tropical exuberance than any we have seen in Italy. Both the black and white bamboo grow in a profusion and attain a size probably unsurpassed elsewhere outside the tropics. The air at the time of our visit was melodious with the song of the nightingale.

From Malaga to Ronda there is no direct road, so we were obliged to climb the mountains by rail to a place called Gobantes, where no building except the station is visible. Here a good road begins which, ascending over a pass, runs to Ronda, fifty-four kilometres distant. Shortly before Ronda a well-preserved section of a Roman aqueduct is passed.

As we were looking for an hotel, a man having the appearance of a *valet-de-place* stepped forward officiously and said to us in English the best hotel was near by and he would take us to it. Not liking to put ourselves under the guidance of a man of this kind we hesitated, but in the absence of any other suitable person in the crowd to appeal to we accepted his services. At the hotel he assumed the rôle of proprietor, as that individual was not to be found, and proceeded to show us rooms.

In the absence of the porter and other servants we made use of him to bring up our luggage and supply the rooms with towels and water, which he did without demur. He called himself an interpreter and was evidently in the service of the hotel.

We wished to spend the next day in seeing something of the surrounding country, so after dinner we asked the interpreter if a guide and horses could be obtained. He replied: "Certainly, the price of a guide will be ten *pesetras*, and I will call in a stable proprietor to talk with you about the horses." On the arrival of the latter the interpreter said we should have to provide horses not only for ourselves but also for the guide. When arrangements for these had been made, seeing nothing of the guide, we asked "Where is the guide?" The interpreter answered, "I will be your guide." We felt we were being guided a trifle too much by this fellow, but there seemed to be nothing to do but to take him. We were thankful that most of our wanderings were made in a manner that knew no such incumbrance.

The next morning at six the horses were led

up to the door of the *fonda*. A few minutes later the horse owner himself appeared mounted on a powerful black horse and expressed his intention of accompanying us. He might have been fifty-five years of age, was of good height and rotund figure, wore leggings, a short, rounded sack coat and broad-brimmed *sombrero*, which shaded a good-natured face. On account of his weight he had some difficulty at times in mounting his horse, which he rode without saddle or stirrup, but when once mounted he sat with equal ease whether sideways or astride.

He was proud of his animals, which were all good and were real horses, with no taint of the mule about them, and it was evident though he did not say so, that he shared the contempt for the mule which every Spanish *caballero*, for such he considered himself, feels.

Our first objective point was the Cueva del Gato, a cavern in the side of a mountain about two hours and a half distant, out of which flows a river. The trail leads down the barren hillside and follows a valley through an uninteresting region, twice crossing the river. No sooner had we started than our companions

took out their cigarettes and proceeded to solace themselves, which diversion was indulged in at short intervals throughout the day. When their matches were exhausted they stopped to borrow a light of every one we met irrespective of his social condition.

What would the Spaniard do without his tobacco? It is his constant solace in all the activities of life. He uses the cigarette as a condiment to his food at meals. At the theatre he cannot enjoy what is being given on the stage unless viewed through a film of smoke. The chambermaid does not disdain the weed as he puts one's room in order at the hotel. The conductor on the street car takes the fare cheered by its fragrant aroma. The officer on parade issues his orders with a cigar between his lips. Its fumes even take the place of incense on occasion with the clergyman as he performs the last rites to the departed. A present of a cigar makes a Spaniard your friend, and the traveller's path is often smoothed by the timely exhibition of tobacco.

Our *caballero*, who after all proved to be the real guide, also stopped frequently at houses on the route to satisfy his thirst with a glass

of wine or cordial, on which occasions he never failed to invite us to participate in the refreshment nor to pay the bill himself, on no account allowing us to be responsible for the last. He considered it incumbent on him as a gentleman to do all the honours, and in fording streams or passing difficult places he always held the bridle of the *Señora's* horse himself. Neither he nor the interpreter seemed to be quite familiar with the route, stopping several times to inquire, from which we inferred that the Cueva was not so very often visited by travellers.

Arrived at the Cueva we found an opening in the rock twenty to forty feet high, the entrance to which was blocked by large boulders, which we could not pass on account of the quantity of water flowing between them. No artificial means have been employed to make the cave accessible. On looking in nothing worth mention could be seen. We halted to rest the animals when the *caballero* took out of his pocket some bread and a sort of sausage, which he offered us with the assurance that the latter was home-made and innocuous. The composition of that sausage we would not

attempt to surmise. Its consistency was soft, its colour a brilliant vermilion, and one of the principal ingredients was garlic. Out of compliment to the donor and the place of its manufacture we each took a small piece, which was with difficulty disposed of, but declined further offers on the ground of not wishing to deprive him of it.

From the Cueva we went to the Gorge of the Zumidero, two hours farther. The path led up a rocky spur and down on the other side into a wild valley surrounded by limestone mountains. The bed of this valley consisted of an oval stretch of arable land planted with wheat. To get out of the valley we had to scramble up a long ascent, where the horses were obliged to pick their way with the greatest care. Opposite the highest part and still higher up on the bare mountain side was a basin surrounded except at its entrance by inaccessible crags. In this was perched a village the houses of which were built of the rock on which it rested. Its inhabitants earned their livelihood by cultivating the fertile land below. The whole region from here to the Zumidero was wild and grand. At the Zumidero, which lies

in another valley between limestone peaks, the river which flows through the valley disappears into the rocks to reappear again at the Cueva del Gato below on the other side of the mountain.

The *caballero* now went ahead to find a place for the noon meal, leaving the interpreter to guide us, who soon showed his want of knowledge of the country by leading us astray into a stony vineyard, where the horses floundered about among the vines to the consternation of the owners. At luncheon the *caballero* partook as freely of our viands, particularly of the wine, as he had offered us of his.

Having spent most of the afternoon in an excursion farther east we returned to Ronda about five o'clock and dismounted at the Alameda, where being heartily tired of riding we dismissed the *caballero* and his horses, saying we would walk through the town and return to the hotel on foot. Judge our surprise an hour later when near the Alcazar at the other end of the town we came upon the horses and their master waiting for us. The latter's idea of politeness would not permit him to allow us to return to the hotel on foot, however short

the distance. We had just bought a dozen oranges, some of which were given him, but he would not eat himself till he had prepared one for the *Señora*.

Ronda is situated on the brow of a hill, which falls on one side perpendicularly to the plain below and is cleft in two by a deep gorge. The interest of the place centres in these two features, with their concomitants the stream, cascades, old Moorish mills and bridges. Otherwise its situation is not especially remarkable. The man who wrote, "There is indeed but *one* Ronda in the world," cannot have travelled very extensively, for there are places not so very distant similarly situated, which are more striking than Ronda.

When we called for our bill at the *fonda* the interpreter made it out and receipted it.

The road on which we came continues on to the second railway station beyond Ronda where it ceases, thus practically beginning and ending nowhere. In Andalucia direct connecting roads between important places are not always to be found. From here to San Roque the bicyclist is obliged to take the rail.

ENTRANCE TO GORGE, RONDA.

knowledge was evidently too limited and he was altogether too pessimistic as regards the estimate put on human life in the empire of the Sultan to suit our purpose.

We had had occasion before to remark the tendency in those who had no personal knowledge of certain routes of doubtful reputation to magnify the dangers connected with them, until if heed were given to their statements one might imagine one's guide or escort would turn assassins. Apart from the question of safety, which is always dependent on the momentary condition of affairs in Morocco, that of how best to arrange for the journey is the chief one to be settled. If the traveller be in no hurry it is undoubtedly better for him to select his guide, attendants, and horses himself, but if his time is limited he will be obliged to trust this matter to his hotel, in which case the expense will be about double.

Time being an object in our case we referred to the hotel. This particular hotel, not far from the landing, is very Machiavellian in its policy with strangers. The manager assured us it was quite safe to go to Tetuan then, though it had not been formerly.

"Can you recommend a guide?" we asked.

"Oh yes, we will send a good one for you to talk with, and if you are not satisfied with him we will send you another."

"What will be the charge for a guide and animals to Tetuan?"

"That you can arrange with the guide."

A few minutes later a suave, middle-aged Moor draped in a most spotless burnous called at our room. He had been parading the hotel corridors ever since the arrival of the boat as specimen Tangier Moor furnished by the hotel, it was to be supposed, for the hotel in Tangier furnishes everything from photographs to old coins, carved furniture, and antique embroideries. He was the guide and, as we had reason later to think, the only one of the hotel.

He handed us a reference written by one of our own countrymen in terms suspiciously effusive, which if true would make one wish to visit the whole interior of Morocco under such a guardian. He had been guide, friend, protector, interpreter, facilitator of photographing, and cook, all in the superlative degree to the American tourist, and in Fez had even brought about an interview between the Amer-

days-journey on its regal cushions was horrifying and it was discarded. The one mule which Salem provided for this occasion displayed an activity of movement never again observed after we started on the journey.

The next morning we were off an hour later than had been agreed upon, for guides in Morocco as well as in Switzerland may be tardy in starting. Headed by the mounted soldier furnished by the Government at our expense for protection, our caravan wound its way over the beach and sand dunes as beautiful in the pale light before sunrise as hillocks of driven snow. Is it because the sand dunes are less common and more beautiful than the Moor at Tangier that the tourist never mentions them?

The journey to Tetuan by the mule trail, for a road in Morocco is as rare as a buffalo in the United States, occupies twelve to fourteen hours, though Salem assured us his mules could make it in eight. The first part of the route led over a rolling, deserted, somewhat pastoral country, which was but little cultivated although the soil appeared fertile. We passed beautiful fields of pink oleanders, and the path was often bordered by wild roses, bluebells, and honey-

suckle. Views of purple mountains were constantly before us, and now and then even of distant snow-wreathed Atlas summits. A large number of men and women, some as far out as twenty-five kilometres, were met with carrying sacks of charcoal into Tangier. The women were stunted and looked old and haggard under their heavy burdens.

We lunched at noon under a small group of trees. Salem and the mule driver spread rugs and served a very good meal, for which we were quite prepared, the former having promised us every obtainable luxury while under his care. Water was carried in the porous jugs used here as well as in Spain, and was nearly as cool as if iced.

The monotony of the journey was broken for the first time an hour after the march had been resumed by the carelessness of the driver who led the mule ridden by the lady of the party. Having become somnolent from the smoking of hashish at luncheon, he stumbled into a slough and drew the mule in after him. While he was floundering knee deep in the filth, the mule in its efforts to get out threw the rider, whose foot caught in the stirrup from

which it was impossible to extricate it. After she had been dragged sufficiently far to become covered with mud to her waist, badly shaken up and frightened, Salem rescued her.

While she sat on a stone recovering herself and reflecting upon the prospect of riding five hours longer with mud and water dripping from her skirts and oozing from her boots, an entertaining Eastern intermezzo took place. The mule driver after getting out of the slough bent his head and doubled himself together as if awaiting punishment. Salem went up to him and poured forth a volley of words, the harsh sound of which alone was intelligible. He then seized him by the shoulders and shook him with all his strength, and ended by giving him an emphatic kick that sent him rolling ten feet down a bank. The youth uttered no word of remonstrance but disappeared, while Salem leading the mules walked with us to a *fondack*, the only building on the route, fifteen minutes beyond.

On the way he tried to assuage our indignation by promising to obtain a new driver at the *fondack*, where accommodation for animals is scarcely to be found, much less for travellers.

Salem submerged the muddy boots in a pail of water, which did not conduce to the owner's comfort on the further ride to Tetuan. He then invited us to take *café maure* which in this case contained more than the usual quantity of sediment.

When ready to start again the culprit appeared leading the mule and hanging his head. "Where is the new man?" we inquired. Salem expressed great regret and said he had offered the only other man he had seen at the *fondack* a large price to accompany us, but he would not as he was on the return to Tangier. Appreciating the fact that he had never intended to dismiss the driver we took up our march.

About an hour from the *fondack*, at the top of a hill before descending into a wild defile, the first glimpse of Tetuan, still four hours distant, is obtained. This view, so graphically described by General Prim, is said to be one of the finest in Morocco. It is a delightful surprise after the long ride in the wilderness. Surmounted by its massive fortress the city lies like a snowy half-wreath on a high bank overhanging the river, which winds through

the greenest of valleys that in its verdure must have recalled forcibly the *vega* of Granada to the Andalucian exiles. To the east rise lofty and graceful mountains covered with trees to the line where, high up, their slopes end in rock. Far beyond in the background, like a strip of fallen sky, lies the Mediterranean.

Salem's fine mules did not prove so fast as he had stated. One in particular required the constant application of a stout stick to induce it to move at even a fair gait. It had also an unpleasant habit of shying suddenly at the Arabs who passed us and then running, when the rider was at its mercy not daring to draw hard on the bridle, which was rotten and had already been broken in two places, the broken ends being tied together with a single turn of string. On one of these occasions one of the mended places parted, nearly unseating the rider. The last three hours the mules were especially slow, and it required fourteen hours instead of eight to reach Tetuan, where we arrived two hours after sunset, when according to Eastern custom the gates are closed.

After considerable parleying between the guard at the gate and our soldier we were admitted, and went clattering through the cobble-paved deserted streets to a small inn on the edge of the city kept by a Spaniard and his wife, who took good care of us. The outlook from our windows the next morning was a revelation, for instead of facing on a dirty Oriental street, they overlooked the valley, in May a perfect orange garden, and the beautiful mountain range the highest peak of which is Beni Hosmar.

Salem presented himself at what we thought a late hour, bringing a boquet of jessamine and honeysuckle. He apologised, saying he had been arranging for an interview with the Spanish consul at eleven o'clock, as it was through him our invitations to the houses of the descendants of the Granada refugees were to come.

We made the circuit of the town, which is completely Moroccan, the few Spanish residents being lost among the natives. The scene in the great square and in the grain and fish markets is very animated in the morning when they are thronged with people, the

negroes contrasting effectively with the lighter-coloured Moors. In the grain market the Moorish women sat cross-legged selling grain, enveloped in coarse burnouses with enormous straw hats, which completely hid their faces.

Rare arches surmounted with dentated copings often in double rows marked the entrance of streets into the squares or into one another. Striking bits abound everywhere and so does dirt, and one is never sure of not having to stop near a large garbage heap to admire some beautiful architectural effect. The Basha street is particularly remarkable for its double tiered *azulejos* minaret and its rubbish heaps extending from the middle of the street to the top of the doorways of the houses. As we contemplated these monuments of filth, inhaling the while the perfume of the strings of jessamine provided by Salem, we inquired if there had been many epidemics of cholera at Tetuan. "Never, cholera never was known at Tetuan, it is the healthest city in Morocco," he replied in French, having exhausted his English at our first interview in Tangier. With a feeling of pity for the people we read

and handsome intelligent faces, dressed in spotless robes of the finest linen and sheeniest silk. They had the commanding presence and high-bred manner we had noticed in the Arab chiefs of Algeria.

Salem said, "Here are the rich citizens of Tetuan, among them two or three whose houses you will probably visit in the afternoon." They seemed to be acquainted with him and greeted him in a friendly manner. As he presented us, their dark eyes lighted up and they received us with warm grasps of hands that were softer than velvet, and a cordiality that made us feel at home even in Morocco.

We had seen in the Grande Kabylie the descendants of the race that had founded Granada, we had walked in the empty courts of the Alhambra, and here we found the last remnant of the brave but unfortunate people whose inheritance of that great treasure ended with the weak and vacillating Boabdil. In appearance they were fitting representatives of their ancestors, who had conquered and maintained themselves in Andalucia against all assaults for eight hundred years, and developed a

culture which, as shown in the few monuments spared by their more barbarous conquerors, has been the admiration of succeeding generations.

Some of them were in relations with the court at Fez and as we learned afterwards had been intrusted by the Sultan with missions to the governments of Europe. One or two spoke French, but these were exceptions. We next called upon the Spanish consul, who said he expected invitations for us by two o'clock. A visit to the walls and the picturesque cemetery followed. The latter occupies the side of a hill without the walls, and its tombs and monuments are larger and more elaborate than those of any cemetery we have seen in other Mohammedan countries. It seems to be a favourite resort of the inhabitants, many of whom sat around in groups eating luncheon or engaged in conversation. We then returned for *déjeûner* and Salem went to take his siesta.

About four o'clock he reappeared with the invitations accompanied by a Moor in blue zouave trousers, red sash, and fez. He said he had brought the consul's servant or *kawass*,

as etiquette required that we be announced by a servant at the different houses. We visited several, at all of which the owners received us in the *patios*, showed us about and were very cordial. The only women visible anywhere were slaves.

One house, the largest and handsomest in Tetuan, has a history connected with it, which recalls the tales of charmed treasure found in the Alhambra. The owner, a handsome man of fifty-five, with a courtly demeanour, who has been in Europe more than once in the service of the Sultan, is the one who while on a diplomatic mission to Madrid received a blow in the face, for which insult the Spanish Government apologised. We had read of the matter at the time it occurred, and were of course interested in meeting the ambassador at Tetuan.

Some twenty years ago on breaking ground for the cellar of the present palatial residence, a buried treasure was unearthed consisting of a large amount of gold. Not daring to keep it the owner of the property sent it at once to the Sultan, who considering the sender a good and faithful servant took only half for himself

and returned the rest. The story is well known at Tetuan and is said to be true.

At the entrance the *kawass* went ahead to announce us. Shortly he returned and the door was thrown wide open by a handsome jet black slave girl of about sixteen. The *kawass* entered before us, fell on his knees and kissed the hand of the host, who now came forward from the large *patio* to meet us. We all went into the *patio*, in the middle of which was a fountain surrounded by plants. This large peristyle had the Tetuan sky for its ceiling, being covered only by a wire netting to keep out the birds. The floor and columns of the arches were inlaid in different designs with blue, mauve, and yellow *azulejos* made after the manner of those of the Alhambra. The Granada refugees brought with them the art of making *azulejos*, a manufactory for which may be seen outside the wall of Tetuan, several large chambers formed by overhanging rocks being utilised in place of buildings. The colours are the same as those formerly used. Owing to the amount of tile and other ornamental work in the house, eighteen years were required for its completion.

A large dining hall ran the length of the *patio* on one side, and on the others either salons or sleeping rooms opened, thus producing the effect of great size combined with vistas of columns and arches. The rooms had painted or inlaid wooden ceilings and were furnished with divans, mirrors, and a piano, and the walls were decorated with old Arab guns and sabres. Rugs were thrown about everywhere and in the sleeping rooms the beds were arranged with three to five mattresses. In front of each bedstead was one mattress on the marble floor for a slave. The under surface of the arches around the *patio* and the wall above were plain white, which produced a much less agreeable effect than the soft toned stucco work of the Alhambra. Apart from this discord in the beautiful interior one could almost imagine oneself in a palace of the Moors of other days.

There was a second floor with a gallery, a part of which was enclosed, and through some small windows looking down on the *patio* we caught a glimpse once or twice of a woman's receding figure which quickly vanished.

The owner showed us his household treas-

ures with evident pleasure, but more than the rare tapestries, mosaics, and old weapons, we admired the bright pretty slaves, who made exquisite pictures as in white and pink muslins with bright sashes over their shoulders and bare arms decked with bangles they silently passed *café maure* and sweets. We asked Salem if the negro slaves in Tetuan were usually so attractive, when he shook his head saying "B—— is a connoisseur and buys only the handsomest." He also said the slave girls are treated with great kindness, being cared for like members of the family, which statement corresponded with the impression made upon us by their appearance and bearing.

Feeling as if we had lived through a scene in the Arabian Nights we bade our host farewell. He accompanied us to the threshold and took leave of us *à la maure*. Our servant, who had remained outside after announcing us, prostrated himself again as we left.

While at Tetuan we spent the sunset hour at the old *castillo*, the massive walls of which overtop the city on the west. After the sun had withdrawn its last golden glance from the

mountains and the city lay cold and silent in the valley, the interesting moment of the day began, the ladies' hour. Gradually the flat white roofs became peopled with women coming out for their evening airing and gossip. Negresses also appeared gaily clad in red and yellow, their black faces uncovered, and were most amusing to watch. Active as cats they climbed over the parapets from roof to roof and romped and played together like children.

Another day we made an excursion to the "Source of the Zakkah," a trip which Salem regarded as his special privilege to make. He said he was the only guide from Tangier who knew of it, and although he had been there several times himself, we were the first travellers, with the exception of one Englishman, whom he had taken to visit it. The sensation of being a pioneer in these days when every corner of the world is sought out by the tourist is certainly exhilarating. One is, however, far from feeling certain of the fact, when one has only the statement of a *rusé* Tangier guide to rely upon. Still the jaunt proved a very delightful one.

Custom seemed to demand that we should

be under the charge of a soldier from Tetuan, so the place of our Tangier guard was taken by a bright young fellow who spoke a little French and made a good companion. The mule track led past the old walls overgrown with cacti and flowering bushes into the valley, and thence through orange, fig, and lemon orchards to the mountains. Hedges of growing cane held together by wattles bordered the path, over which luxuriant trees towered and swayed. After fording several rivers we reached the mountains in about two hours.

As we passed through a village on the mountain side, the mayor or chief riding a fine Arab horse came out to meet us. His saddle-bags were well supplied with oranges, of which he gave us all we could carry. He then joined us, taking the lead and acting as guide up the mountain. The soldier next followed, then we, and lastly Salem and the servant. However we may have looked, we felt quite adventurous, wending our way up the wild mountain with our four Moorish attendants. The grandeur increased as we ascended under the frowning summit of Beni Hosmar. From a high plateau we looked back upon Tetuan banded by walls,

throned in green, and crowned with minarets and mosques.

An hour and a half from the village, at the entrance of a wild ravine, we came to a large deep pool of eddying and bubbling water surrounded by mossy rocks and spreading trees, which was fed by a beautiful cascade of purest water, that came gambolling down from the mountain above. This was Salem's "Source of the Zakkah," which furnished water power for the two or three hundred Moorish mills in the valley below, and a more sylvan spot it would be hard to find.

The path ceased here. The Arabs spread rugs on the rocks for us, served us with oranges and then with two more who joined them sat apart in a picturesque group eating bread and drinking buttermilk, which was brought in a stone jug. Shortly some wild-looking shepherds clothed in skins came up, and three shy Arab women in short red and white striped skirts confined at the waist with red sashes scrambled over the rocks to do washing in the stream. They were startled at first at seeing their laundry invaded by strangers, but soon recovered themselves and went to work mak-

ing their brown feet do the duty of hands, every now and then throwing timid glances at us.

While Salem and the others enjoyed a Moslem siesta, the soldier took us for a climb up the mountain, during which we looked into the thatch houses of the shepherds, which did not detain us long, for unlike those of the Tetuan grandees, they contained besides the women and children only a dog or kid and a few cooking pans. Boughs of trees served for beds and chairs. The soldier obtained for us one of the rude reed flutes used by the shepherds.

When we returned to the pool, Salem and the chief had a luncheon of boiled eggs and bread ready. The chief produced more of the large juicy oranges from the depths of his saddle-bags, and his black eyes snapped with delight as we returned his favours with praise and cigarettes. During luncheon we heard a splash, and looking down into the water met the gaze of the merry soldier enjoying a bath after his exertions on the mountain. Later he appeared in a fresh white burnous, and as we rode down the mountain hung his cast-off

clothing in a delightfully unreserved manner over his shoulders to dry. He laughed, sang, peeled our oranges, lifted the overhanging branches out of the way, was in all respects our willing slave, and rode into Tetuan holding his gun upright and sitting his horse as only an Arab soldier can.

The chief fully appreciated the dignity of his position, escorted us to the door of the Tetuan inn, where upon dismounting he presented us with branchlets of golden oranges as a parting remembrance. The capacity of his saddle-bags seemed inexhaustible. The disinterested and open-handed hospitality of these rude natives of Morocco would do credit to many a more cultured people.

Up to this time Salem had done his duty fairly well, and although he had disgusted us by his constant praise of himself, had shown us the main sights of Tetuan and given us the interesting trip to the Source. Beyond this his sense of obligation did not appear to extend, and when sought for further services was not to be found, and we were left to our own resources. On the morning of our departure the mules were brought to the door in a filthy

condition, unfit for use, and after we had left the city an Arab overtook us, between whom and Salem an emphatic discussion ensued, from which we inferred, though we could not understand the language, that the latter had neglected to render proper satisfaction for the accommodation afforded himself or the mules.

On this day his indifference became still more pronounced, and instead of keeping with us and urging on the mules, as he had done on the way out, he fell behind often nearly out of sight, leaving us to the mercy of the stupid youth, who had no power over the beasts. Finally, as the afternoon advanced, they came to a standstill a long distance from Tangier, when we waited till he came up and insisted that he urge them forward.

At the noon meal many things were wanting, particularly the relishes, even the substantials were scanty and of poor quality, and wine had altogether disappeared from the *menu*. Before reaching Tangier we had had enough of Salem, and were glad he was not to be our guide, provider, and friend on a six weeks' journey in the interior. The trip to Tetuan, barring the chance of sophistical

guides, obstinate or shying mules, and rotten bridles, well repays the time and exertion it demands. Within a week of our return to Spain the foreign consuls were informed that owing to the disturbed condition of affairs in the interior of Morocco the Sultan would not guarantee further the safety of travellers.

CHAPTER XI.

TARIFA—OCEAN-WASHED CADIZ—PEONES CAMINEROS—ALCALA DE LA GUADAIRA—FAMED SEVILLA OF THE GUADALQUIVIR.

FROM Algeciras we rode over the hills to Tarifa, which, like a white sea-gull, clings to the rocks of the southernmost point of Europe, and looks as if the next gale might sweep it into the boiling straits that half encircle it. It is a romantic old town with its well-preserved walls and *alcazar*, one of the towers of which marks the place where the son of Guzman el Bueno was murdered,—el Bueno, dear to Spanish hearts because he preferred the sacrifice of his son to opening the gates to the Moorish enemy.

According to history Tarifa on its rock-bound peninsula has withstood gallantly many an attack, but to-day in its indolent southern apathy it is but a picturesque shadow of the substance of the past. From the short reach

of beach below the ramparts of the *alcazar* Spanish Ceuta and Moorish Tangier appear like white-crested breakers on the shore of the Sultan's land.

From Tarifa to San Fernando the road is good and runs level nearly the whole distance through a well cultivated farming country dotted with farm houses of stone and thatch and well-to-do villages, the gardens of which were brilliant with red geraniums and lilies. Here as at the entrance to Andalucia the fields were carpeted with many-coloured wild flowers and fringed with flowering bushes. Scarlet poppies, deep yellow daisies and light yellow ones with deep yellow centres, red clover with long glistening heads, pink oleanders, and purple rhododendrons grew in profusion. In place of fences and stone walls the land boundaries were marked by strong hedges of vigorous century plant, the blossom stalks of which shot up twenty to twenty-five feet in the air like lines of telegraph poles.

The broad *chaussée* leading over the narrow strip of land from San Fernando to Cadiz was once undoubtedly an excellent road, but had been allowed to fall into such an execrable

condition of hillocks and hollows that the people could stand it no longer, and for some distance before Cadiz it was undergoing total reconstruction, so that it was impassable. Our only resource was to wade through a considerable stretch of soft sand to the beach, on which we rode the last five kilometres into Cadiz to the music of the foaming surf.

Cadiz has been inaptly compared in situation with Venice, the only point common to the two being that they are practically surrounded by water. Cadiz is not built upon a mud flat, it is not approached by lagunes, and the wild Atlantic storms, that beat upon the rock-bound peninsula on which it stands, would soon sweep Venice from its foundations into the Adriatic.

Perhaps the most noticeable feature of Cadiz is the extreme neatness and cleanliness everywhere seen. It is decidedly the best kept city we saw in Spain, and the same remark would not be untrue of regions beyond the Pyrenees. The impression is heightened by the ever ready brush of the whitewasher, which keeps the houses and walls in the most immaculate condition. Such care is the more remarkable, because the city is evidently in a state of deca-

dence, and no activity either of commerce, trade, or manufacture is apparent, which is adequate to the support of the sixty-five thousand inhabitants.

If the spirit of modern enterprise could be infused into the people so as to induce them to construct suitable docks, the city might take the commercial rank to which its situation entitles it. To the traveller, however, this city of Murillo's last work would not on that account become more interesting, for its chief charm for him consists in the sleepy quiet, which enables him to reflect undisturbed upon its long history during the almost three thousand years which have elapsed since it came into being as a Phœnician colony.

As one looks over the city from the Torre de Tavira and sees the deserted *miradores* standing up from the house-tops, from which the merchants watched for the arrival of their ships, one can picture the time when Cadiz was a busy mart of trade and her fleets were seen on every sea. These *miradores* suggest structures similar in purpose though not in form still to be seen on the roofs of the weather-beaten houses of a small island in the Western

world well known seventy-five years ago in both hemispheres for its whaling industry, but now more dead than Cadiz. With its good hotels and charming gardens on the edge of its sea-beaten ramparts, Cadiz makes a delightful resting-place.

The main roads of Spain are kept in order by labourers called "peones camineros," each of whom has charge of a section of five kilometres. They live with their families in small but substantial stone houses with gable roofs, which stand by the roadside at an average distance of five kilometres from one another. On the front of each is a painted incription, "Casa de Peones Camineros." The occupants usually cultivate a small garden adjoining the house and keep a few domestic animals.

The *peones* like the *guardia civil* are found in all parts of Spain, and we came to regard them with a very friendly feeling, being often obliged in the absence of towns to apply to them for information, shelter, or other assistance, and in no case was our application in vain. The most frequent favour asked of them was water either to drink or to fill into our canteens. Water except in the mountain re-

gions was never to be found on the road, and they were obliged often to bring their drinking water from some distance, but they never hesitated to give us abundantly of their store, bringing it cool and fresh from the porous earthen jars in which it was kept.

They almost always invited us to come in out of the sun and rest, placing chairs for us, and though poor often brought out *azucarillos*, a white spongy substance made of lemon, sugar, and white of eggs, which dissolved in water makes a palatable and refreshing drink. Payment for their hospitality they would have scorned with true Spanish pride, but cigars and cigarettes when properly offered they would take, though never more than one, so we always carried a good supply of these and of bonbons for the children, which did not come amiss, and delight sparkled from the eyes of many a child, who had never tasted anything sweeter than a *garbanzo* before.

Between Xeres and Alcala we stopped one noon to lunch by the roadside a few hundred feet from a *casa de peones camineros*. As we were eating, the matron of the house came up and greeted us and asked why we had not

made use of her house as a noon resting-place, which we were perfectly at liberty to do. We thanked her and said we would drop in for water when we had finished. Presently a small boy came running up to us from the house, who told us excitedly that his mother sent him to call us to the house at once, as a herd of dangerous bulls was coming on the road above. We accordingly sought the shelter so kindly offered.

Soon the bulls passed, some fifty or sixty in number, filling the whole road and driven by four well mounted horsemen armed with stout batons. These were the black, rather small but very active Andalucian bulls with quick, cunning eyes and horns sharp as needles, such as we had seen at the *corridas* in Granada, and had we met them on the road we should not have stood much chance of escape.

We had several opportunities of observing the awe with which the people of Spain regard the bull. They do not in their fear always distinguish the sex of the bovine animals they are trying to avoid, but sometimes give as wide a berth to a gentle cow entirely innocent of malicious intent as to the terrible *toro*.

Alcala de la Guadaira should be visited for its ruined *alcazar*, its flour mills, for it is the bakery of Seville, its interesting cave houses, and more than all perhaps for the lovely first view of the Giralda it reveals to one approaching Seville from this side. The Moorish castle with its *tapia* walls, subterranean granaries, and large square towers is one of the most picturesque in Spain. But this fragment left by the dusky race is crumbling, and who can tell how soon the blind custodian of the Giralda may cease to point out with unerring hand the dark outline of its keywork walls, for an earthquake or the destructive spirit of the Spanish may at any time level it to the earth. Nothing could be lovelier than the sunset scene from the Torre de Mocha. Over the hilltop on which they stand ramble the crannied walls overgrown with grass and flowers; below, supplying power to a legion of Moorish mills, the bottle-green Guadaira circles through a valley of verdure, and ten miles away, out of a soft haze which hides the city, towers the guardian of Seville, the Giralda.

"Sevilla is also there but the mist covers it," said our cicerone, who we had forgotten

was with us. Yes, we knew the Giralda indicated the presence of Seville, even as years before, when from the hills on the Via Flaminia twenty miles away we saw the gilded dome of St. Peter's looming up alone between earth and sky, we knew that Rome lay beneath.

What a prognostic was the Giralda to the Moors who, after guarding it with superstitious fervour for over five hundred years, wished to tear down and obliterate it completely before delivering up the city to the Christians. Love of the Giralda passed from the hearts of the departing Mussulmen to those of the Spaniards, who in turn regarded this mueddin belfry as a sign of the prosperity of Seville. As the veil of mist floated higher we almost seemed to see, as did certain devout Spaniards during the thunder-storm of 1504, the tutelars Justa and Rufina rising in Murillo-like *vaporoso* to support its swaying form and bulging sides. It is to be hoped that the Sevillians will continue to treasure their Giralda, which like a forgotten pennon of the Moorish host floats over the Andalucian city of romance.

There is no need of an almshouse in Alcala.

One side of the hill above the town is honeycombed with caves which are used by the poor as dwellings free of rent and taxes. These caves run in tiers with paths between, and before each is a garden, in which grow the prickly pear, fig, vines, maize, and vegetables. The combination of rock and foliage gives the whole hillside that singular appearance of petrous fertility seen only in southern lands and particularly in the presence of cactus growth. The people seemed quite as comfortably situated as many who lived in houses, and in general appearance this almshouse hill of Alcala was far more attractive than the Gypsy quarter of Granada. Doubtless these caves have the same advantage over ordinary houses as those of Granada, of being warmer in winter and cooler in summer.

At the *fonda* the chambermaid brought us some beautiful carnation pinks, and the *mozo* placed roses on our plates at dinner, which was served in a *comedor* opening on a marble-floored *patio* with singing fountain. The dinner was unusually good and included well made soup, delicate fish, birds, candied *botatas* or sweet potatoes, *bischoches*, and oranges;

and yet a recent writer says, "Had it not been for oranges we should have starved in Spain."

But best of all was the sauce of good-will that garnished all that was set before us. We found the Andalucians of all classes more courteous and hospitable than those of the eastern coast or of the north, and while in every part we received much kindness, the Andalucians appeared to possess to a special degree a spirit of cordiality and friendliness.

On a cool day the last of May we entered Seville, and as we were unacquainted with the intricate streets, the escort of two policemen, who kindly offered to take us to our hotel, was accepted. From the moment one enters Seville a different impression is made on the mind from that made by any other Spanish city. The narrow streets are covered with awnings, the squares and market-places are alive with bustling and characteristic Andalucian groups, the ear is assailed by a combination of uncanny sounds emanating from an orchestra of hand-organs, strolling minstrels, water-carriers, and braying donkeys, the eye is seized by sudden glimpses of old arches, exquisite doorways, towers and roofs adorned

with coloured tiles, lovely *patios* with cool fountains and green plants suggestive of Sevillian beauties and summer night *tertulias*.

One does not soon forget the June evenings when passing the golden tower of the Almohades and following the bank of the Guadalquivir one continues on through the Alameda to the Botanical Garden and the promenade Las Delicias, a beautiful garden of roses, interlaced with palms and medlars. The Spanish, better perhaps than others, understand the art of arranging parks and promenades so as to produce a pleasing harmony of trees, shrubs, and flowers. Not possessed of the English fondness for country rambling, they do not care how dusty the roads or calcined the hills outside their cities may be, so long as they have their leafy fountained gardens and loafing places. And the names of these cool retreats in a language as beautiful as Spanish are songs in themselves, *alamedas*, *glorietas*, and *delicias*.

As to the impression one takes away of the Alcazar, this quite depends on whether it is seen before or after the Alhambra. If before, one leaves dazzled and overpowered by its

kaleidoscopic magnificence, and arrived at Granada feels inclined to criticise the Alhambra unfavourably. When visiting the Alcazar we recalled with some amusement the disappointment of a German in the Alhambra which he declared wanting in colour. And he was right. In this respect the Alhambra is but a shadow of the Alcazar. But in the matter of taste compare the degenerate shell designs and often inverted inscriptions on the walls of the Alcazar with the classic patterns and kufic inscriptions of the Alhambra, the modernised *ajimez* windows with those of the towers of the Cautiva and Comares, the arches inclining to the pointed with the pure sweep of those of the Granada palace.

In the coarse glass windows and the mosaics, gorgeous but not always proportionately cut, and in the unrefined wooden additions the inartistic hand of the modern restorer is traced. Even from the time when the restorations began to be made, about 1350, their general design has been more Byzantine and less classic than that of the Alhambra, and when one considers the alterations and embellishments made during six centuries by Don Pedro, Don

John II., the Catolicos, Charles V., and Philip III. to suit their individual caprices, it is surprising that this monument of the Decadence has any trace of the Moorish remaining.

What a blessing to posterity that this list of monarchs preferred the attractions of the gay Andalucian capital, and never remained long enough under the shadow of the snowy Sierras to incorporate their semi-Moorish, semi-Spanish fancies into the nightingale palace of Granada. It is fortunate for Seville that Don Pedro the Castilian had enough Moorish blood in his veins to induce him to employ Moors in the work on the exquisite Arab entrance façade of the Alcazar, which, in spite of the staging put up for present repair, is in its pure Moorish lines ever a delight to the eye, an oasis amid the surrounding degeneracy. As a treasure-house filled with mosaics, marbles, coloured glass and *azulejos* one looks with admiration but not with unmixed pleasure on the Alcazar, for the purity and unity of the Alhambra and the temples at Pæstum and Segesta, which satisfy fully the artistic sense, are here wanting.

We have spoken of the Giralda as seen from a distance, but now viewed from the Cathedral

square it loses none of its attraction. Despite the hideous weather-vane from which the tower takes its name and the last hundred feet of modernisations condemned by architects, the lower part is so harmonious, with its sunken patterns of roses and stories of delicate *ajimez* surmounted by the graceful bell gallery, that one is disposed to overlook the faults of the highest part, which are rendered less apparent by their distance from the eye of the observer three hundred and fifty feet below.

Besides the Giralda perhaps the most satisfactory sight of Seville is the Museo, where the masterpiece of Murillo and a number of other fine works from his brush may be studied undisturbed by the presence of Velasquez and a long line of Italian rivals. An annoying feature of the gallery is the attention given to the visitor by the attendants, who in expectation of a *propina* follow him around boring him with worthless information. It would be better to charge a small admission fee, as in Madrid.

After seeing Murillo in Spain one is not surprised that Spaniards so revere the name of the genial master, whose brush whether in its *calido* or *vaporoso* style produced such poetic

results. The beggars and melon-eaters seen in other European galleries with all their grand realism affect one quite differently from the more ethereal creations in Spain. His large Conception is one of his grandest works. The face with eyes not turned heavenward is stronger than the usual one of his other Conceptions. The Virgin and her draperies do not seem to float in but rather to sweep through the air with infinite grace, suggesting in power and perfection of finish the red wonder of Titian at Venice.

Seville has so many objects of interest that a month would not be unprofitably spent in studying them. The cathedral, the Caridad with its grand paintings under the guardianship of a modest little sister of charity, the Casa de Pilatos with its rich *patio*, halls and walls adorned with magnificent *azulejos*, the various churches with fine *retablos*, archways, or towers, together with the suburban attractions, combine to make this city a fascinating museum of art and history.

It is not our intention to describe the tauromachic revels of Spain, which have been dealt with so graphically by Gautier and other

writers. A recent Italian writer says Spanish civilisation is certain before long to put an end to them. After witnessing *corridas* at various places including Seville and Madrid, we should judge from the attendance and the intense enthusiasm of the audiences that this cruel sport still has a very strong hold upon the public. One *corrida* at Seville reached its acme of excitement when by demand of the people *banderillas* loaded with detonating fireworks were thrust into the last bull. These discharged their fiery streams upon the shoulders of the poor beast, which, tortured by the explosions, tore about the arena in a frenzy of pain and terror, much to the delight of the audience.

At a *corrida* given at Madrid under the patronage of the Queen Regent for the families of those who went down with the war vessel *Reina Regente*, ten bulls and over twenty horses were sacrificed. Tickets were sold by speculators at high prices and from noon on nothing but the *corrida* was of any account in Madrid. For three hours before the performance the broad streets and avenues leading to the Plaza de Toros were thronged with people,

and those who were not bound for the *corrida* were out to see those who were.

An hour before the beginning carriages began to roll out to the ring. The brilliantly dressed ladies, when they wore mantillas at all, wore white ones, but French hats predominated. It was like a gala race day in England or America, the only difference being in the appearance among the crowd of the gorgeously dressed *espadores* driving, and the picturesque *picadores* on horseback. In this *corrida* the noted *espadores* Mazantini and Reverte took part, four bulls falling to the share of each.

Reverte, who is of slender build, transfixed his second bull most dexterously at the first thrust, driving the *espada* into its body between the shoulders up to the hilt. In doing this he lost his balance and was unable to escape the bull, which charged upon him striking him with its horn in the back and throwing him down, and then fell dead a few feet distant. Reverte though evidently injured insisted on walking out of the ring unassisted, when he became unconscious and remained so for ten hours. His injuries did not prove serious and in a month he had recovered.

Mazantini, whom we also saw at Seville, is a tall, powerful man, not of rising but of established reputation, and a very king of the ring he feels and shows himself to be. On this occasion when only after the third attempt he succeeded in killing one of his bulls, and hisses as well as applause sounded in the air, he gracefully touched his hat to the royal box and shrugged his shoulders and tossed his head to the audience as much as to say, Oh it might happen even to Mazantini.

A little later he was struck from behind on the shoulder by an animal, the charge of which one of the *banderilleros* had failed to turn aside. He walked up to the latter, gave him a blow and addressed him in forcible language, to which no reply was made. One of the most interesting features of a *corrida* in which he takes part, is to witness his perfect mastery of all the details of his art, and the matchless skill with which he plays with the fiercest animals, over which he seems to exert a serpent-like charm.

CHAPTER XII.

ROMAN MERIDA—NECROPOLIS OF CARMONA—DELAYS AND SPANISH DELIBERATION—DORMANT CITY OF THE CALIPHS AND ITS MOSQUE OF MANY COLUMNS.

A GOOD road runs from Seville some two hundred kilometres through a sparsely inhabited, not particularly attractive country to Merida, interesting on account of its Roman remains, of which it has a greater number than any other place in Spain. The Roman remains of Spain, so far as we saw them, with the exception of some of the bridges and aqueducts, are not as well preserved as those of France, Italy, and Algeria. Many are in such a ruinous condition that from them no very accurate idea can be formed of the completed structure, and are scarcely worth going out of one's way to see.

Merida first came into notice as a Roman city about 23 B.C., when Augustus settled some of his veteran soldiers there. Like

some other provincial cities it grew rapidly in population and wealth, and soon became an important place and the capital of the province, possessing a forum, circus maximus, amphitheatre, palaces, and several aqueducts. It fell into the hands of the Goths in the fifth century, and into those of the Moors in 715, neither of whom injured it, and it retained its prosperity and Roman appearance till captured by Alonzo el Sabio in 1229. Its decline began with the Christian dominion. What the Goths and Moors appreciated and spared, at the hands of the Christians was plundered, destroyed, and allowed to go to decay, and the once populous and flourishing city has dwindled to a dull country village of six thousand souls, and of its proud Roman monuments only ruined fragments remain. Here, as elsewhere in Spain, the French, during the Napoleonic wars, were responsible for not a small part of the demolition.

The best-preserved Roman relic, and the only one in any sense complete, is the stone bridge two thousand five hundred and seventy-five feet long, which crosses the Guadiana. This was built under Trajan. It has been sev-

eral times repaired at different points, but in the main is essentially Roman. It stands low, being only thirty-three feet above the river, and its great length gives it the appearance of being narrower than it really is. Its upper lines are wavy, some parts being higher than others, suggesting that the foundations may have settled, but the buttresses appear as solid as if recently made, and one can scarcely realize that it has been in constant use for nineteen hundred years.

Next comes the arch of Santiago, also built by Trajan, which, with a single circular arch forty-four feet high, spans the street and joins the buildings on either side. Like most other Roman remains, it has been stripped of its covering. Whether it had other parts or formed a portion of some larger structure does not now appear. It is peculiar in that it is constructed of a single tier of huge granite blocks fitted closely together, entirely devoid of ornamental projections, and in its massive simplicity forms an impressive object.

Rising up in a meadow from a bed of grass and shrubbery, the foundations bathed by a

stream which flows between the piers, are the ruins of an aqueduct, of which now only a few arches are left. At this point, besides the top arches, two lower tiers were thrown across between the buttresses, but the lower arches are now broken away. The ruin has been taken possession of by a colony of storks, whose nests crown every available spot along its top and form a bushy capital to every isolated pier. The clatter of their bills as they stand solemnly on one leg or come flying back with frogs from the swamp below for the young, whose mouths are eagerly opened to receive the dainty morsels, are the only sounds which enliven this skeleton of the past. The graceful outlines, the contrasting colours of the brick and granite used in its construction, and the verdant setting make this remnant of Roman skill even more picturesque than the five-arched one near Constantine.

Of the theatre "Las Siete Sillas" enough remains to well show the arrangement of the auditorium, though the proscenium has mostly disappeared. The semicircular mass is composed of seven divisions, which run upward

and backward nearly, if not quite, to the original height, and the entrances to these are almost perfectly preserved. The lower entrances slant upward to the surface of the hill, on the side of which the theatre stands.

A depression in a grain field strewn with broken masses of masonry represents the amphitheatre, and the area of the circus maximus has been so often turned over by the plough that its boundaries are not everywhere immediately apparent though with care they can be traced. Its present condition certainly does not very vividly suggest the festivities that took place within its limits, nor such seats as can be seen the vast multitudes that applauded the victors of the races and gladiatorial contests. Aside from the massive walls of the Roman-Moorish castle, later the convent El Conventual, which as seen from the bridge are imposing, the other traces of Roman Merida scattered about the town and suburbs are scarcely worth mention.

Carmona occupies a commanding situation on a hill, and with its Moorish castle crowning the summit, its two fine gates, the tower of San Pedro modelled with provincial boldness

after the Giralda, and the Roman Necropolis situated on a hill twenty minutes' walk from the city, is a place in which a day can be profitably spent.

Every lover of nature must enjoy the view from the castle over the wide plain which stretches away to the Sierra de Ronda.

The necropolis is an underground city of no small size excavated in the soft rock and containing chambers not only for the deposit of the ashes of the dead, but also for the accommodation of the living in the performance of the last rites to the departed. The banqueting tables with triclinia, the places for statues and for incinerating the dead are well preserved. The ashes were enclosed in rectangular stone boxes about eighteen inches long. Here and there evidences of mural decoration can be seen, but in general the damp walls are covered with green mould or low vegetable growths. The museum above contains the iris glass lachrymal vessels, urns, and other objects usually found in Latin tombs. While this necropolis is most interesting and in many ways complete, none of its chambers can compare in finish and decoration with the

subterranean tombs at Corneto, which are said to be three to four thousand years old, nor with the remarkably preserved rock tombs which form so important a part of the ancient remains at Sakkara, Thebes, and other places in the Nile valley. Taken in connection with these as well as with the rock tombs of Greece, Syria, and Palestine, the necropolis of Carmona shows how extensively the custom of rock burial pervaded the ancient world.

The road from Carmona to Cordova is very hilly, ascending grades largely predominating till it comes out high over Cordova at a point fifteen kilometres from the city. It was sandy and soft and in many places rendered still harder to ride on by broken stone which had been spread upon it. We left Carmona at five o'clock in the morning. As we entered Ecija at noon, one of the rear tyres was punctured. No other refuge being at hand, we drew up at the side of a house on the street and proceeded with repairs, surrounded by the usual garrulous crowd, which quickly gathered and jostled one another in their eagerness to see what was going on. They did not disturb us except by the dust they stirred up, and in a

few moments the tyre was made tight and inflated and we started on.

One of the cycles, which was fitted with the Boudard gear, had already caused much trouble by the interference of the narrow Carter case with the parts it covered. After leaving Ecija this machine began to give utterance to a chorus of grating and squeaking sounds, which would not be quieted by any amount of oiling and pushing on the case. Added to this it began to run hard. After several delays for oiling we finally stopped under a tree, took off both cases without finding any trouble with the chain or cogs, cleaned everything and replaced the cases, which operation consumed an hour and a half. Still the machine did not run well.

We had often when pressed for time on stopping for water or information been annoyed by the curiosity of the people, which led them, never appreciating the value of time themselves, to ask us all sorts of questions before giving the desired aid or answer.

On no occasion was the exhibition of such curiosity more vexing than on this day of delays. At six o'clock in the evening after thir-

teen hours of hard work, in passing through a town we saw on the side of the street a little shop, where "Varias Bebidas" or drinks were advertised. We were still twenty-eight kilometres from Cordova with some long sharp hills to climb, but we thought we would spare a few minutes to assauge the thirst from which we were suffering.

We stepped in and asked for *sarza*, *sidra*, and other beverages, which, notwithstanding the comprehensive list outside the door, were not to be had, and we were obliged to content ourselves with the only one, except the never-failing *aguadiente*, represented at this bar—viz., *gaseosa*, an effervescing concoction of limes. After considerable fumbling under the counter, during which his attention was chiefly occupied in satisfying his curiosity in regard to us, the proprietor produced two bottles stopped with glass balls, which he proceeded leisurely to wash in a tub of water, rubbing them vigorously in every part and resting between the rubs to ply us with questions.

After washing them till it seemed as if he would never stop, he dried them carefully and handed them to us. We asked him where the

wooden opener was. He replied he had none, so in the absence of any more convenient implement we hammered away with a small pocket shoe-buttoner and at last succeeded in dislodging one of the glass balls, but the other resisted all efforts. He then brought forth two more bottles, which he washed in the same thorough manner with ever unsatisfied curiosity, after which we tried our hand upon them with the shoe-buttoner with the result of opening one more bottle.

We now told him our time was limited and suggested that he give us some glasses. Accordingly, still asking questions, he took down two glasses with great deliberation from a shelf and subjected them to the same cleansing process. After the loss of some ten minutes we obtained the *gaseosa* minus the gas. In the face of this experience who will venture to affirm that the Spanish are not a cleanly as well as a deliberate people? In what other land would the outside of a soda-water bottle be so carefully washed?

The hours passed, and at 8:30 P.M. we entered Cordova on foot, the rear wheels of both machines having been pierced a short

distance outside the city. It had taken fifteen and a half hours to make a hundred and six kilometres.

In retrospect we are grateful to that day of misfortunes for bringing us into Cordova when a full moon hung over the city, colouring with silver its jumble of buildings surmounted by the mosque, and transfornimg into ideal beauty the grand round-arched bridge spanning the serene sheet of the Guadalquivir. We leaned over the bridge's stone parapet fringed with ashen grasses and satisfied our æsthetic sense, which in Spain was ever kept active, by a long look at the moon-enchanted river.

Only a few Cordovan night dreamers idled about as through the magnificent Ionic arch which flanks the bridge we went into the cobble-paved city. With its tortuous streets and general dulness felt even in the daytime Cordova is more than any other in Andalucia a souvenir city of the Moors. The pulsing of modern life and enterprise fills the air of Seville, but one feels as if quiet Cordova were taking a nap after the departure of the caliphs before awakening to the presence of the ebullient Spaniard.

The guide-books tell what the mosque of Abd-el-Rhaman is and is not to-day, and they hint at what it was in other days. Perhaps that is all that can be expected, but the mind tries to picture it as it was when sixteen doors no longer existing opened on the *patio*, revealing endless lines of pillars within and corresponding rows of orange trees without. The many vistas of arches and marble columns have with reason been compared to a forest of palms, and with the thousand bronze and silver lamps of other days burning amid its arches, it may be imagined as having resembled an illumined pillared oasis.

The memory of the caliph who planned this wonderful *mesquita* and who daily assisted the workmen at their task is more to be cherished than that of the Christians who, when they took Cordova in 1146, used the columns of the mosque as hitching-posts for their horses. When one's walk among the columned aisles is interrupted by the *coro*, here more odious if possible than in any other church of Spain, the fact that Charles V. regretted the sacrifice of hundreds of columns to the erection of this Christian altar in no way assuages one's grief

at this act of vandalism, for regret could never reproduce the idea of infinitude which had been destroyed. But such as it is with its columns, *mihrab*, and mosaic archways, we must accept it, thankful to Abd-el-Rhaman for planning and to his successors for carrying out this prayer without words of the Moors.

CHAPTER XIII.

CORPUS CHRISTI IN HISTORIC TOLEDO—SARACENIC, JEWISH, AND CHRISTIAN MONUMENTS.

THE bicyclette with the Boudard gear ran so hard that it could no longer be depended on, and as no help could be obtained in Cordova, we took the train to Madrid where it was delivered to the agent of the maker to be thoroughly examined. He reported that after taking all the bearings apart nothing out of the way could be found. Nevertheless its running was not improved, so taking the bull by the horns it was exchanged forthwith for a new machine of the standard type, and on the third day we started for Toledo.

Well powdered with dust from the yellow, lifeless Castilian plains which stretch between Madrid and Toledo we arrived at the latter place, which, were it not for its picturesqueness, might be called the culminating point of dreariness of dreary New Castile. At the

ENTERING TOLEDO.

this most interesting old place at their leisure without the sacrifice of bodily comfort.

The day after our arrival, June 13th, was Corpus Christi, a church festival of more importance if possible with the Toledans than Easter. On the afternoon of the 12th, the people in the very expectant mood which precedes church and other fêtes in Spain, assembled in the *plaza* before the cathedral to see the dance of the Gigantes, which took place behind the iron railing at the entrance. These are figures some fifteen to twenty feet high dressed in long gayly coloured print gowns, with large inexpressive painted faces, which are manipulated in their performances by men inside them. After a stately dance they take a promenade through the streets followed by the youth of the town in a state of great excitement.

The Gigantes, which are a favourite Spanish institution, are said to represent Moorish and Gothic kings, and among them are usually one or more negro faces, but they bear the names of male and female saints, are kept in the cathedral, and play an important rôle in church fêtes. San Antonio was the particular favourite at Toledo and performed his

minuet with a saintly giantess to the delight of groups of children and idlers before and at the fête of Corpus. At the provincial fêtes of Pamplona and other towns, the Gigantes are promenaded on the first day.

The evening of this day was celebrated by the illumination of the cathedral tower, which was a sight of no little interest. Early in the morning of Corpus Christi sand was thickly strewn over the cobble pavement of the streets through which the church procession was to pass. The high houses were profusely decorated with evergreen, and from their balconies and grated windows hung large heavy silk draperies, bright red and yellow being the predominating colours. Above some of the streets, on a level with the house-tops, the patched awnings were so tightly stretched that barely a chink remained at the edges for the rays of the June sun to penetrate.

Toledo had become a city of fancy in its gaudy gala dress, and as we walked on the sanded cobbles and looked at the ribboned houses, we felt like shadows of the past. This feeling was intensified when on coming out on the sunny square we found the exterior of the loadstar of Spanish sentiment and æstheti-

music feast as the German goes to the concert-hall for his.

After mass the whole population turned out, lining the streets and filling the windows and balconies to await the procession. All shops were closed and business was suspended. Mounted policemen rode about keeping the multitude back to make room for the procession, but treating every one with a gentleness and politeness seldom shown by the police of most countries on such occasion. The same thing was noticeable in Madrid and other places, as well as the courtesy of all classes of the people towards one another, which is the more surprising when one considers the bloody spectacles of the arena, in which they delight.

In the procession the military made a fair showing, and the clergy in magnificent white and gold vestments, carrying the *custodia* and rich silken banners, a great one. In the afternoon all Toledo and its concourse of visitors repaired to the bull-ring outside the city for the *corrida.* The evening was celebrated by theatrical performance and fireworks, which mark the conclusion of a church fête.

To judge of the real picturesqueness of the

city, the walk on the south side of the Tagus must be taken. This involves a long ramble over sandy hill-tops, and through baked and riven ravines, which seem to have no outlet, and in their grimness suggest the dark deeds of bygone days which history associates with this bank of the river, when Moor, Jew, and Christian occupied at one time the tawny rock-girt city. All along the road the eye is greeted by striking views of Toledo guarded by its Moorish sentinel towers.

The picturesque is found as much within as without Toledo. Its many brick towers particularly exemplify the effective manner in which brick has been used in Spain as a building material, and those who dislike modern brickwork can here learn to admire it as employed by the architects of earlier times. Whether the effect be due to the rough manner in which the bricks are put together or to the influence of the bright clear atmosphere of Spain, it is certain that these structures possess a rich shading and tone, which is wanting in modern brickwork.

After four centuries of rule the Moors left a larger number of monuments of their skill

in Toledo than in many of the Andalucian cities, where the general style of building is more Arab. The gates are particularly interesting, built either by the Moors or by Moorish workmen employed by the Christians, the finest specimen being the Puerta del Sol, which with its embattled turrets and double rows of interlaced arches confronts one magnificently when ascending the hill to the city.

Nowhere in Spain can the artist find motives more completely carried out than in the double line of walls, half Visigothic half Moorish, connecting the bridge of Alcantara at one end with that of San Martin at the other. Of this last bridge, built in the thirteenth century, one of the five arches of which is a hundred and forty feet wide and ninety-five high, an interesting story is told by Street. When it was being rebuilt by the Archbishop Tenorio, the architect perceiving that when the centres supporting the arches should be removed the arches would fall, in his chagrin made a confidante of his wife. To save him from disgrace she set fire to the centring, and when the bridge fell its destruction was attributed to the fire. After it was rebuilt she confessed

her fault. The Archbishop instead of making the architect defray the cost of the second rebuilding complimented him on the possession of such a clever wife.

Moorish houses with now and then an *artesinado* ceiling are still numerous in Toledo, but owing to the frail manner of their construction and the small care received from the owners they are fast disappearing. After the cathedral the Jewish synagogues built much in the style of mosques claim attention, although their octagonal columns and horseshoe arches are so completely plastered with whitewash that even the harmonious effect of outline is diminished.

Out of the mass of architectural gems that are whitewashed in Spain one desires most to rescue quaint and richly carved capitals. Columns and arches in this white garb are often presentable, but it is fruitless to attempt to decipher delicate carvings after the brush of the dauber has been at work. Cristo de Luz, where Alonzo VI. hung up his shield on entering the city, is the one completely Moorish church remaining, and its tiny interior in nine compartments is very effective.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FONDA OF TARANCON—AN AUTOCRAT OF THE DINNER TABLE.

THE road from Toledo to Aranjuez was merely a track in the soft sand, entirely unfit for any wheeled vehicle. As it ran near the railway we decided to put into execution if possible a plan we had once or twice previously thought of, viz., riding on the side of the roadbed of the latter. Such an idea would not have been entertained for a moment in any Continental country except Spain, but here where individual freedom, or perhaps one might say licence, more nearly approaches that in the United States, it seemed worth while to make the attempt.

Accordingly at the first station we asked the officials if such riding was permitted. They replied it was contrary to the regulations, but that it had been done. Far from peremptorily forbidding us as German officials would have

done, by the indifference with which they treated the matter, they rather encouraged us to go. Knowing the liberal construction which Spaniards of every class put upon laws, we started, the officials walking down to the track to see us off. This path proved much better than the road, although we were obliged to dismount many times on account of culverts and sleepers lying on it. Twice we were reminded by flagmen that we were transgressing the rules, but we kept on and arrived at Aranjuez without accident.

Since poets like Calderon and Schiller have sung of Aranjuez and what it was, we will pass it by and not attempt to say what it is not.

With decided misgivings we alighted before the primitive *fonda* of Tarancon, the only town of even slight importance between Aranjuez and Cuenca. We asked for the *patron*, who with his wife came into the court to meet us. They expressed their regret at not being able to accommodate us as the house was full, and then proceeded to ask where we were from, how far we had come, where we were going, and above all how many kilometres we could make an hour. As nothing is gained

by abruptness in Spain, we satisfied their curiosity and then appealed to the man.

"Can you not get us a room somewhere in the town?"

"Yes," he replied vaguely, his eyes riveted on the cyclometer of the woman's machine, "I think so." Then with a look of delight at the bright thought that occurred to him, "That measures the distance does it not?"

We nodded and asked again, "Will you get us a room?"

"Oh yes, I will see about it soon. How many kilometres did you say an hour?"

"Fifteen to eighteen as the road is," we answered, inwardly enraged, "but your honour will get us a room soon, we are tired."

"Yes, yes." And then he added, his estimate of our powers being evidently influenced by the enormous stories circulated among the people since the introduction of the bicycle, "Eighteen kilometres is nothing; we have a man in Tarancon who rides fifty an hour."

We came near telling him the man was a liar, but refrained, only remarking, he must be exceptionally strong and carry no luggage. Unlucky word luggage, that struck him, and

he was aflame to know how many pounds "equipaje" we each carried. We promptly told him and looking at the time found we had been twenty minutes before the door of the *fonda.*

His wife who had disappeared now returned with her list of questions. "Is the *Señora* tired?"

"Yes, dead tired," hoping to expedite matters in regard to the room.

"Does the *Señora* always wear thin blouses on the road?"

"Yes, when it is warm."

We were preparing to leave in despair, when a tall, slender man with a beard, wearing a threadbare, shiny black frock coat, joined the group. He spoke to us in French, asking if he could be of service to us. We replied, we feared not, as the *patron* knew very well what we wanted, but either could not or would not accommodate us. He discussed the matter with the woman aside and then asked—

"For how long do Monsieur and Madame wish a room?"

"Only one night," we replied, reassuringly.

At that moment another man between fifty

and sixty years of age, with stout figure and florid face, better dressed than the first, came up and shook hands with us saying, "Certainly Monsieur and Madame may spend the night if they will content themselves with a room occupied by a guest, who is absent for two days in Madrid, and will not disturb his effects."

We asked to see the room, whereupon he assuming the rôle of host led us up stairs followed by the slender man, the *patron* and his wife, none of whom had anything to say in the presence of the jovial grey-headed Frenchman, for such he was, who was clearly commander in that *fonda*.

The rooms of the *fonda* available for guests were three in number, one good-sized room and a small one in front, and a small inner room without windows opening out of the first. As we entered the large room a glance revealed the calling of the occupant. The walls and tables were adorned with a motley collection of objects employed in one of the learned professions, including rubber tubing of various kinds, ear trumpets, syringes, tunnels, atomizers, test-tubes, glass retort, stethoscope,

electric battery, surgical knives and forceps, plasters and gallipots.

On entering the dark inner room which was destined for our use, our olfactories were assailed by an overpowering combination of nauseating odours, among which could be distinguished the fumes of ipecacuanha, valerian, and iodoform. As soon as our eyes became accustomed to the dim light, we saw the furniture consisted of two iron beds, one rush-bottomed chair, a small wash-stand and two low tables completely covered with bottles of medicine packed closely together, which last constituted the only visible effects of the absent guest whose quarters we were to occupy, and some of which contained the odoriferous substances mentioned. On the dusty cement floor no sign of a rug was to be seen.

The prospect of spending the night in that room was not alluring, but as there seemed to be no other alternative we accepted the situation, deposited our traps upon two medicine boxes in the corner—the bottles remained on the tables undisturbed—and proceeded to order in what it was possible to procure for our comfort.

The *patron* when asked about dinner replied, "You will dine with the *amigos* about nine o'clock." As we had to leave at half-past five in the morning, we suggested that he prevail upon the *amigos* to dine somewhat earlier. He said he would try. When we were dressed we went into the sitting-room, where the Frenchman sat reading a Madrid paper, and the man in the threadbare coat was poring over an antiquated, ponderous vellum-covered medical folio. The latter, who was evidently an assistant or student, obsequiously placed chairs for us on motion of the former who begged us to make ourselves quite at home, at the same time presenting the lady of the party with a bouquet of *arbol de Paraiso*, the fragrant blossom of which he said was thought much of in that part of Spain, all good Castilians expecting to be presented with a branch on entering Paradise.

The Paradise tree is a kind of acacia of graceful form with silvery leaves and small pale yellow flowers, the odour of which resembles that of the Balm of Gilead tree, and is very penetrating, perfuming the air for a great distance. To us it was very unpleasant, espe-

cially when combined with the smells emanating from every corner of the room, and we were in no way inclined to envy the Spaniard his entry into Paradise.

At half-past seven a young girl came in and prepared the table for dinner. To our surprise the meal was excellent, far better than could be expected in such a primitive place, though the china was coarse, the forks steel and two-tined, and there was a want of similarity in the drinking glasses. When we complimented the ragoût with pease and the deliciously cooked partridge, *M. le docteur* remarked graciously, "C'est moi, madame, c'est moi qui dirige la cuisine ici. A month ago, before I came, they could not cook in this house. Had you stopped here before that you could have eaten nothing. They cook, but I tell them how to prepare the *cuisine française*, and when they do not suit us I show them by taking hold myself."

Upon this he tossed off with one quaff a goblet of red wine, with which the assistant kept him supplied from a large pitcher. As the dinner advanced he became very genial and displayed a capacity for both eating and drinking. With a flourish of French polite-

ness he urged us to help ourselves a second time, after which he proceeded to eat every remaining scrap himself. Unlike some medical men higher in the social scale, he did not talk shop, but showed a knowledge of and expressed decided opinions upon Spanish questions social and political.

He did not deny the advance of republican principles and commented freely on the power of the Jesuits in Madrid, which he affirmed was great.

"How about the position of woman?" we inquired. "Priest ridden," was his emphatic answer as he emptied another goblet. "My friend here," pointing to the meek man opposite, whom although called *amigo* he treated like a menial, "my friend here has been trying for fifteen years to elevate women in Spain, and show them they are under the power of the clergy. He writes constantly upon this theme but without result. Is it not so, *amigo*, without result?" he inquired, smiling blandly on the timid assistant, who again filling the glass of his master, bowed assent but said nothing.

"You see, Madame," he said, for like a gal-

lant Frenchman he addressed his remarks chiefly to the lady, "my *amigo* is a Spaniard but I am not, though I have lived in this country twelve years, and have learned to put up with Spanish peculiarities. I am a Frenchman and a doctor and I understand women. I tell you the priests rule the women and through them the family, and therefore they have the upper hand in Spain."

Having delivered himself of these pithy remarks he changed the subject and asked how we liked the Spaniards. When we replied, "In general very much," he assented, and looking at his assistant said, "A fair sort of people, not clever like the French but good-natured and worthy, is it not so, *amigo?*" Looking a trifle more crestfallen, if possible, than before, *amigo* replied that it was.

"But," he added, raising his glass to drink to the success of our further journey, "the Valencians and the Murcians are a bad lot." This having been in a measure our experience, we were amused at hearing him expatiate upon their failings, which he depicted graphically, evidently having knocked about among the people enough in the capacity of

travelling quack to make his opinion of them of some value.

After dinner he invited us to go to a *café*, where he said a cup of coffee could be had fit for a Frenchman, but we declined. Before going himself he graciously asked at what hour we were to leave, saying he would give the order for our morning chocolate, in which case it would certainly be ready at the desired time. We said we should be leaving at half-past five, and could go without breakfast if necessary, as we had often done in Spain.

"No need of that at all; they may as well prepare your chocolate as to be wasting their time in sleeping," he said as he instructed the *patron*, who had answered his call. Thanks to our medical protector, chocolate was ready for us in the morning, but an almost sleepless night among the odoriferous medicaments without ventilation had so vitiated our appetites that we were unable to avail ourselves of that refreshment, and coveted only immediate release into the fresh air.

Monsieur le Quack was on hand himself to bid us a courteous adieu, and stepped out upon the balcony to see us start.

CHAPTER XV.

CUENCA, A PICTURESQUE CITY OF NEW CASTILE—IN THE MUSEUM OF THE PRADO.

THE ride to Cuenca afforded one of many opportunities of studying the peculiarities of the climate of North Spain in June. It was so cold in the morning until nine o'clock that outside garments and woollen gloves furnished none too much protection. The shepherds wore their sheepskin mantles, and the few people met with on the road were muffled in heavy *capas*. From nine until twelve it was pleasantly warm, and from one to five insufferably hot, the sun in the cloudless sky burning upon us so fiercely that on the long ascents we were obliged to push up we feared sunstroke. The down runs, however, cooled us off so that we were able to keep on. After five o'clock the air cooled rapidly.

We became accustomed to these extremes

of temperature, and were able to ride all day in the sun in white linen caps and light flannel shirts without injury. It is desirable, if one can do so, to follow the Spanish custom of taking a siesta under a tree or in the shade of some building during the hottest hours, but this is difficult to do on a bicycle tour, where distances are often great and time an object so that lying-off hours cannot be spared.

Although little is left to denote it, Cuenca is of Moorish origin. Ford relates the following story of the capture of the city by Alonzo VIII., who was encamped around its walls with a starving army. A Christian slave led out his Moorish master's sheep as if to pasture. Outside the gates he delivered them to his starving countrymen, who having killed and eaten the sheep dressed themselves in the skins and were led back into Cuenca on all fours by a side gate. Once inside they opened the gates to their comrades. From this flock of human sheep the hidalgo families are said to have descended.

Later the city was noted for its arts and manufactures, but the French, who treated it no better than they treated other towns of

Spain, put an end to its prosperity. In 1875 the Carlists, on entering it, plundered the bank, taking away a large sum of money, burned the archives and generally damaged the city, which has little to show in architecture except its beautiful cathedral.

Cuenca is more picturesquely situated than either Ronda or Toledo. It is built on a rocky height, the base of which is girdled by two graceful rivers one on each side, the Huecar and the Jucar, meaning sweet waters, that run their green course through the most luxuriant of valleys filled with paths and groves of handsome trees. On one side the city is approached by terraced fruit gardens rising like a grand staircase of verdure, above which stand perpendicular rock columns ; on the other it is guarded by abrupt wild rocks that fringe it in a hundred weird forms, their nakedness being modified like the points of Monserrat by lichens, ivy, and other trailing vines.

Across the river valley and running back into the mountains rises a line of bold cliffs, which make the view from the city on this side grander than that from Toledo. As compared with the latter place Cuenca combines more

grandeur with more loveliness, and with its rock precipices and fertile garden slope impressed us as being the queen of the picturesque cities of Spain.

The old part of the city, climbing the hill in narrow winding streets to the cathedral, makes a dull, toneless mediæval picture. The cathedral has a wonderful combination of Moorish and Gothic in its arches, while much of the other work and decorations are Renaissance. But it is all harmonious and delightful to the eye, and were it not for the polar cold reigning within even in June, would detain one several hours at a time. We found a number of cathedrals cold in North Spain, but recall none where the temperature seemed so many degrees below freezing.

The walks about Cuenca are numerous and picturesque in the extreme. One comes upon old water-wheels and ruined bridges bowered in vegetation that would be a mine to an artist. We spent some time seeking the celebrated Puente de San Pablo, said to rival in solidity and height the aqueduct of Merida. We did not find it, but we found where it had stood. It had fallen five weeks before our

visit to Cuenca. Fragments of the end arches clung to the rocks on either side of the gorge it spanned, and the bed of the Huecar was choked by a mass of stone and débris. The people saw it decay and did nothing to save it, saw it fall and did not care. Thus perish the monuments of Spain.

The *fonda* was one of the worst we had met with. On the ground floor was a large *café* handsomely upholstered in red plush, where the men of the town spent their time playing cards or dominoes. Aside from this the other appointments were of the most meagre description, especially those of the guest rooms. As for service, it did not exist. When we returned from our excursions towards night we hunted up the maid in the kitchen or the cellar and insisted on her setting the rooms to rights.

Getting a foot bath was only equalled in difficulty by the attempt to find out about an excursion we wished to make to a place in the mountains called the Ciudad Encantada or Enchanted City, similar to El Torcal near Antequera. When we asked the *patron* about it he was unable to give us any definite information. He said the excursion could be made

but would require time, perhaps several days, as mules could not be readily obtained in Cuenca.

After three meals in the dining-room of the *fonda* we gave up all thought of visiting the enchanted city. "Every meal in itself an achievement" might be said of the Cuenca hotel, not precisely in Irving's sense but in respect to one's endurance of cold. We usually came in from our walks uncomfortably warm, but before going down to dinner put on all the extra blouses and underclothing our satchels contained as well as leggings. Why the atmosphere was so deadly in that *comedor* we never discovered. Possibly because it was on the ground floor and the windows were never opened. It was always kept locked until ten minutes before meals when the *mozo* appeared with a huge key such as Alonzo VIII. might have received from the Moors, opened the door and lighted the lamps. After the meals the room was immediately locked again.

The only good things we remember about the *fonda* were the excellent milk-ices spiced with cinnamon, which we enjoyed after walks in the sun, and the hot soups served at dinner

where internal was expected to take the place of external warmth, which seemed to be appreciated as much by the few Spanish guests as by ourselves. This inn was not situated in the dull mediæval part of the town but in a wide street in the modern suburb which was lighted by electricity, but electricity in Spain is not synonymous with comfort.

On the afternoon of our arrival we received a visit from a not infrequent disturber of our peace, an interviewer. As was our custom with these gentlemen we gave him scanty information, revealing nothing of our future plans, and not permitting him to see that our knowledge of "la hermosa lengua española" was as extensive as it really was. Pleading ignorance of a language is an excellent means of ridding oneself of an interviewer. The following result appeared in the daily paper the next morning:

"The Englishman Señor Workman and his *sposa distinguida*, who are making the tour of Spain, arrived in Cuenca from Tarancon yesterday afternoon. They rode two *bicicletas magnificas* which they understand perfectly how to manage. It cannot be stated posi-

tively, but they will probably appear on the track at the velodrome to-morrow before the races. Owing to their limited command of our language, the reporter was unable to learn anything of their future movements." He had not mentioned the velodrome at the interview, and it is needless to say we did not appear there.

While at Cuenca we mailed a letter to a hotel in Madrid to secure rooms. Two days later on our arrival at the hotel nothing had been seen of it, although Cuenca has direct rail communication with the capital, and is only seven or eight hours distant by the slow Spanish trains. The manager did not appear at all surprised, and said the letter would probably arrive in a day or two, which it did.

Postal affairs like other things in Spain are deliberately managed and mail matter is forwarded at the pleasure or convenience of the officials, sometimes lying two or more days in a post-office before being despatched. Indeed one may be thankful if one's mail is received at all. Quite a number of letters deposited by us at the post-offices failed to reach their destination, and as many more known to have been ad-

dressed to us were never received. It is quite useless sending small articles other than letters unless forwarded by parcel post with every precaution. We mailed from Granada seven small articles, such as are constantly intrusted to the post in other countries, of which only one was afterwards heard from.

At our second visit to Madrid, which was one of some length, we came to the conclusion presumably reached by other tourists, that besides the interesting Armoury the Museum of the Prado is the great attraction of this lively but colourless capital. In a half-hearted way one rides in the Prado and the Retiro, walks in the broad boulevards, and stands in the Puerta del Sol hoping to see Mazantini in *vestido de fiesta* pass into a *café;* as he does not, one moves on, suppressing a yawn thinking how much better *grande ville* allurements are understood in Paris.

But the Museum of the Prado is a constant delight to the visitor, and is the one thing in Madrid that makes him desirous to return after leaving Spain. Having steeped one's art senses for years in the atmosphere of Italian painting, one enters the gallery in spite of all that has

been said in its praise just a little prepared for disappointment as regards Spanish art. Of course this feeling is unjust and rather an indication of one's own ignorance. It is doubtless the outcome of the impression gained in Italy that art later than the sixteenth century belongs to the period of decadence.

If we dispossess our minds of this idea and reflect that until the end of the sixteenth century Spanish was but a reflection of Italian painting, and that only from the seventeenth century on did Spain possess a national characteristic school, we are in a better position to enjoy Zurbaran, Ribera, the local inimitable Goya, and the immortals Velasquez and Murillo.

The last is only appreciated when after a certain length of time in Spain we have become accustomed to the every-day style of his faces. Some disposed to be hypercritical compare his madonnas unfavourably with those of Raphael. One should not attempt to compare the realist with the idealist, for it cannot be expected that the inspired expression of the Sistine Madonna should be found in the simple Andalucian features of the Spanish model, and we must look for something quite different

in Murillo before we can fathom his greatness. Comparison in any case could only be made with Raphael's masterpieces elsewhere, for those in the Madrid gallery, however interesting artists may consider them and however great their technical value, owing to the dark colour of their restorations do not possess the charm of tone and feeling of those in Rome and Florence.

What European gallery does not envy the Museum of the Prado its Velasquez? Before this god of art even artists stand dumb and cease to compare. He is so unlike Titian, Vandyck, or Rembrandt, so entirely original yet typically Spanish. Taking up the work begun by Titian in Charles V., and Philip II., he makes us acquainted with various other members of the royal line down to Prince Balthazar. In the portraits of Philip IV. and his dwarfs, besides feeling the genius of Velasquez as a portraitist we read the social history of the weak king and the vanities and foibles of his court.

It has been said Velasquez would have been a greater painter had he had a wider field for the exercise of his genius and not been so com-

pletely at the command of a tyrannical court. Possibly, but the genius of many great artists has been limited in its scope by the narrowness of their time, and nowhere is this more observable than in the work of the Italian school. His historical subjects and portraits are his grandest conceptions, his religious paintings, with the exception of the Crucifixion, being handled with less comprehension and a weaker hand. In the Crucifixion in spite of its impressiveness, the world that is conquered through death remains unseen, while around the form and features of the dead Christ hovers the despairing spirit that ruled in Spain during the reign of Philip II., when hope fled and fear took the place of faith.

Whatever sins may be heaped on the heads of the Spanish rulers of the Austrian line, they cannot be accused of not having been art patrons, when one considers the character of the artists represented on the walls of the Museum of the Prado. It is owing to their patronage that Madrid is to-day almost as much the home of Titian, Tintoretto, Rubens, and Vandyck as any city in the lands that gave them birth.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ROYAL MAUSOLEUM—OVER THE GUADARRAMAS —TWO QUAINT CITIES OF OLD CASTILE.

FROM Madrid we rode to the realised dream of Philip the Second's latter years, the Escorial. A few miles from the great "flatiron," under the shade of an ivy-grown wall, we spent the high noon, lunching on ham sandwiches such as only a Madrid *confisseur* can make, like the banditti described by the graphic Gautier, who also took their nooning near the Escorial feasting on "jambon cuit en sucre." Theirs was La Mancha, ours Galician ham, but the flavour given it by sugar was doubtless as delicate as in the days before the *guardia civil* cleared Castile of the knights of the highway.

In no other country would one think of having ham roasted with sugar, but in Spain where the unexpected is often the best its taste is much improved by this saccharine addition.

Whether the dash of sugar is a gustatory inheritance from the Moors, Spanish chroniclers do not say, for no good Castilian allows that the Moors ever entered Castile. For the benefit of travellers and epicures long may Madrid confectioners continue to sell "jamon dulce" at their lunch counters.

After being about six weeks in Spain we acquired the taste of the inhabitants for Spanish sweets. At first they seemed a little coarse. Compared with those of France some of them are, but they are well made and when eaten sparingly very palatable. The Spanish combine cocoanut with sponge cake in a way that might rouse the envy of the *chef* of a Paris *pâtisserie*. Sugared dates with cocoanut are a Sevillian specialty. All the sugared fruits are particularly well prepared and superior to any we have seen except those of Sicily.

Just as we were finishing our dessert of Madrid dainties a country boy ran up with the Spanish cry of terror, "toros," upon his lips, at the same time pointing to some large animals approaching behind the bushes. We gathered up our chattels and prepared to seek refuge behind the wall if necessary, while he

speedily climbed up to a position of safety. Shortly five innocent-looking cows emerged from the bush and passed by into an adjoining field without deigning to give us a glance. The boy would not come down till they were well by, insisting that being unaccompanied they were "muy dañoso."

We did not find the atmosphere of the "leviathan of architecture" so charged with the spirit of ennui as writers had led us to believe, although the amount of art found within its walls is in no way commensurate with the space it occupies, and this triumph of the building skill of Philip the Second's artisans did not prove half so much of a bore or so depressing to us as the monk's shell at Poblet.

The temperature of the Pantheon late in June is glacial, more penetrating even than that of the Cuenca cathedral or of the summit of Mont Blanc in September, but higher up in the other parts of the building it was more endurable. One hundred and forty Augustine monks still live in the Escorial. They are met with about the corridors and in the library, but the head father, before

whom all bow and cringe as before a cardinal, is rarely seen outside his own apartment or private orange garden.

On this occasion, hearing that the "matrimonio ingles en viaje con bicicletas" were at the Escorial he came down to the church to meet us. We had with us one of the ordinary guides who introduced us to him, when he took charge of us and was our agreeable cicerone during the remainder of our visit. Attendants were ordered to open special cabinets, to let in light on relics usually shown only on certain saints' days, and to uncover mural paintings seen by the public but once a year. Although all these were not worth one hour with Velasquez in the Prado, we fully appreciated the kindness and courtesy of the *padre* and tried to show this by expressing admiration on the production of each treasure.

We especially enjoyed the hour spent in the large library. Besides those ordinarily seen he showed us other wonderfully painted and illuminated books and manuscripts. The guide father was a handsome man about fifty-five years old, of imposing stature, who looked

as if the good cuisine of the Escorial and highland air of the Guadarramas agreed with him. His manner betrayed what he afterwards told us, that his *villeggiatura* existence was varied by frequent visits to Madrid. Twice a week he drove in state to the royal palace to confess the Queen Regent.

Curiously he showed an interest in bicycling matters, and said with a sly chuckle that he had read about a race that had recently taken place in Madrid between a Sevillian horseman and a cyclist. When we told him we had witnessed it he confessed he would like to have been present himself. We said we had seen a priest awheel in a small town of Catalonia and asked him if cycling was being introduced among the clergy as well as into the army of Spain.

On this point he could give no information, but his admiration for the great Castilian mortuary was unbounded and most of all he worshipped its dimensions and massiveness. As he pointed out the size of the granite blocks in certain places he quoted with much satisfaction the words of Philip II. as he handed back the plans of the Escorial to the

architect—"Build me something that will stand." "It has stood and it will stand," added the *padre* with emphasis.

He called our attention to the width and solidity of the grand staircase, though not to the frescoes, also to the fact that the Escorial has eleven hundred and ten windows, which with the best intention on our part failed to command our admiration, and as a final proof of the building's all-enduring strength he pointed out the flat stone arch supporting the *coro*, which vibrates when one jumps on its middle point, although it has borne the great weight above for so many years.

Presenting us with a souvenir bouquet of the Escorial, he took leave of us in the orange-garden, into which he invited us, where, besides his holiness, only the gardener is usually permitted to enter.

From the Escorial our route lay over the Guadarrama mountains, the highest peak of which, la Peñalara, is about eight thousand feet. The road is rideable for sixteen kilometres, then becomes steep, and pushing one's machine is in order for four good hours, till the Puerto de Navacerrada, the top of the pass,

6065 feet, is reached. The scenery is wild and alpine. The mountain sides are clothed with a handsome growth of pine, a rather unusual tree in the southern half of Spain, interspersed with slopes of fragrant yellow gorse, which grows so luxuriantly in southern Europe, and here covers areas such as we have seen nowhere else, with its yellow mantle. Above tower the dark grey and black rock masses, frequently columnated, which form the summits of the range.

From the top of the pass the view is far inferior to that from many of the passes of the south, though this is the second highest in Spain, the highest being in the Asturias. The first part of the descent to La Granja is steep, and owing to a soft road-bed covered with stones was unrideable for several kilometres. Then the grade becomes easier and the road runs through a superb pine forest, "Piñar Grande del Rey," through the openings of which charming glimpses of the Guadarrama peaks are obtained

At a village at the beginning of the ascent, a man seeing us headed for the pass had remarked, "You will not find many people on

that route." He was right. In a distance of thirty kilometres, twenty of which we had to walk, we met only three human beings—a road repairer and a man and a boy driving mules.

It was the last week in June, but La Granja was as dead as in winter. The *patron* of the hotel, who was in bed when we arrived at two in the afternoon, told us at dinner they were only beginning to put the hotel in order for guests, the season not opening till the fifteenth of July. The palace of San Ildefonso is occupied for two months in summer by the infantas and a part of the court, but the Queen Regent seldom goes there, preferring the sea and her palace at San Sebastian. The Rambouillet palace, filled with comfortable, cheerful rooms, is without interest, as would be the gardens with fountains laid out in French style were it not for the peculiar contrast they form with the wild barren mountains overhanging them.

It is worth while to walk through the garden, three quarters of an hour to the "Ultimo Pino," the last pine at the upper part of the grounds, in which a wooden balcony is built that serves as a lookout. Near it runs the

wall separating the royal estate from the pathless slopes of the Guadarrama. Looking over the oasis of La Granja the eye sweeps a dreary plain until it rests upon Segovia, a confused mass of buildings blurring the western horizon.

Segovia, rising from the wavy upland of the red Castilian moor, is an interesting pile of old convents, churches, and houses surmounted by the handsome flamboyant cathedral. Its aqueduct of the time of Trajan, restored in 1483, and again later, is the grandest as well as the best preserved in Spain. It spans the valley just outside the city in two tiers of arches, and forms a most impressive gate of entrance, as seen from the road which passes through it. This aqueduct and the situation of the city facing the chain of the Guadarramas, make Segovia attractive to the lover of the picturesque.

Cycling has become popular among the better classes in Spain, who interest themselves in the clubs, and personally encourage all matters pertaining to it as a sport. At one of two races in the velodromes which we attended, we were surprised at the number and character of the spectators. In various parts

of Spain, but especially in Andalucia, Castile, and Leon, we received, from cyclists who were entire strangers to us, courtesies and attentions which added to the pleasure and interest of our trip. These were offered unsolicited, with a simple and natural cordiality that showed they were dictated by the high ideal of hospitality and regard for the welfare of strangers that forms such an admirable trait of Spanish character.

We were called on by officers of clubs and others, who offered us any assistance that might be needed and invited us to their houses, were met on the road and escorted into cities or out of them on our departure, shown about them and taken to clubs or *cafés*, on no account being permitted to settle any bills. Had circumstances favoured we might have seen considerably more of Spanish life, but we had much ground to cover in a limited time, and accepted no hospitalities that would interfere with our freedom or detain us.

Had we so desired, by making known our plans and route at the bicycle club of the first city we reached in Spain, we could doubtless have had an escort from one city to another

entirely through the country; but we preferred freedom with the experience it might bring to a trip under escort with its attendant disadvantages, hence we never disclosed our plans for the future nor route even to those who showed themselves friendly.

About ten kilometres from Avila, as we came to the end of a long coast on the excellent road running from Segovia to Avila, we were met and accosted by name by a bicyclist who handed us his card bearing the name Don A. de la P. He seemed pleased to meet us and said he had been out on the road daily for a week watching for us, as he hoped we would visit Avila, and that he had followed our journey as announced in the papers with great interest. He was the representative of a Castilian family long resident in Avila, was dark, handsome, and about thirty years old. He spoke Spanish, French, and a little English, was clever, well informed, and possessed of all the charm of manner ascribed to the old-time hidalgo, with a sufficient suggestion of the modern man of the world to make him an agreeable companion.

He had lived for some time in Barcelona,

had been in Madrid, but not long enough to become "Anglicised," and now he had returned to Avila to be a companion to his father, as he was an only son. Although he had a high opinion of the antiquities of Avila, which he hoped to show us the following day, he rather disliked the idea of making his permanent home "en una ciudad tan pequeña y tan pobre."

We were bearing down on the city at a fine pace, the keywork castellated walls already forming a diadem against a sapphire skyline, when Don A. called "Señora" in a warning tone, and at the same time putting his English racer to its utmost speed overtook the *Señora* who was riding ahead and advised her to dismount. "Toros?" we inquired, scarcely able to restrain our amusement. "Yes, toros," he replied, all the cheerfulness of the last half-hour disappearing from his face. "Let us wait till they pass." Running across the road a short distance ahead pursued by two men, was a bovine family consisting of a bull, cow, and calf, which persisted in going in every direction except the one desired by the pursuers, from whom they seemed only intent on escap-

ing. As soon as they had reached the open ground on the other side we rode on.

The *feria* was being held at Avila, and the roads and hillsides immediately around the city were covered with animals of all kinds brought in from the country. The city was crowded also, and it was only with the assistance of our *caballero*, that we succeeded in obtaining quarters at the hotel.

Avila is perhaps the best specimen of a mediæval walled city in Spain. The walls were begun in 1090, during which year eight hundred men are said to have been employed on them, and finished in nine years. Rising in places to a height of over forty feet, and their eighty-six towers to that of sixty, both being well preserved, the city itself as seen from without is almost lost within them. They are very impressive and are seen to the best advantage from the outside as one walks around them, which we did although it was no agreeable task forcing our way through the numberless horses, asses, cows, goats, and sheep, that were gathered under their protecting shadow.

Among the peasants attending the fair were

a few picturesquely dressed, about the first we had seen in Spain. Here the picturesqueness was confined to the men, tall, dark Castilians, with large *sombreros* and jackets short, full, and striped, or of velveteen, close-fitting and often embroidered with spangles.

Without the walls stand the beautiful churches of San Pedro and San Vicente strong rivals of the cathedral, and one wonders that so much of art should have been placed without the walls at a time these were necessary for its protection. The entrances of several of the churches are very striking. The finest of these is the western portal of San Vicente, which is a marvel of elaborate yet tasteful transitional work quite surpassing any of the entrances of the beautiful cathedral.

Like Burgos, Avila is rich in splendid tombs. The cathedral has a number mostly by unknown artists of the thirteenth century, which are finely wrought. One of the best is that of the Bishop of Segundo in a small church outside the city. The intellectual refinement of the old bishop's face is expressed with admirable skill by the sculptor said to be Berruguete, who obviously showed more aptitude for this

kind of work than for some others he attempted.

The pride of Avila is the sepulchre of Don Juan, only son of Ferdinand and Isabella, who died at Salamanca at the age of nineteen. As we look at the peaceful features of the sleeping youth, we forget the cruelty and treachery of the Catolicos to Moor and Jew, and our heart-strings are drawn backward through the intervening centuries to the year 1497, when they stood by the lifeless body of their idol with no solace on this earth save the society of courtiers and of their insane daughter. Through the exit from this world of the studious, carefully brought up Juan the kings of Austria succeeded to the crown of Spain.

At Don A.'s suggestion we were to take a spin in the afternoon with him and a few of his friends to see the suburbs, but shortly after luncheon our *caballero* appeared without his cycle and said that, much as they wished to ride with us, they thought it unsafe to venture outside the walls on account of the *toros*, which might be met with coming to or going from the *feria*. By this time fully understanding the Spanish view of the bull question, we did

not urge the matter but accepted Don A.'s invitation to go to his club for coffee and ices.

Later we went in search of the curious "Toros de Guisando," which although fast disappearing from Spain are still to be found in a few places in the north. Avila was said to possess three of these, but as usual the people we asked were not able to direct us to them. Don A. among the rest knew of the Convento de las Madres and of everything connected with Avila's sainted Teresa, but in regard to the *toros* he could not enlighten us. At last we found two of them, quaint figures roughly hewn out of granite really resembling boars. Why they are called *toros* does not appear.

One stood in a neglected corner of the courtyard of an old house belonging to an Avila "duque," the other in a small square opposite some barracks. Nothing is certainly known in regard to them, though the general belief is they were idols or landmarks of the primitive inhabitants. Like other mementoes of antiquity they ought to be carefully preserved in museums, instead of being left exposed to injury and weather, or broken up for building purposes. Some have Roman inscriptions,

nearly effaced by time and neglect, but their appearance does not suggest a Roman origin, and the inscriptions were probably made in later times.

The fear of the *toros* was still uppermost in the minds of Don A. and his friends when we said we must leave Avila, and they advised us to wait till the fair was over. We smiled at their fears, bade them adieu, and passing the barrier of animals outside the walls in safety, set out for Salamanca.

TORO DE GUISANDO, AVILA.

myriad mills, is satisfied with making a picturesque washpool for the merry washerwomen who line its banks. This sedate home of universities contains in its new cathedral portals, university façade, and entrances and façades of numerous buildings, an odd medley of plateresque and renaissance architecture, which, with due regard to the special artistic merits of each, jars the senses with its *bizarre* splendour.

In chaste contrast with all this the eye revels in the quiet beauty and noble lines of the small twelfth century cathedral, which with its wonderfully simple and perfect dome rose like a rare exotic four centuries before the efflorescence of its great florid rival.

Salamanca has almost as many interesting old houses as Avila has tombs, the most original one, containing a beautiful *patio*, being covered on the outside with stone shells. Several have handsome romanesque *patios*, others noticeable features in their façades and arcaded or *reja* windows.

In Salamanca we had the same experience as elsewhere in Castile. When we went into a *café* for coffee or ices, some one was sure to instruct the waiter to receive no payment from

us, as if we were guests of the town. While taking ices late in the afternoon the president of the velo club and a friend introduced themselves and offered to show us the university and other places of interest the following day. And so it was constantly, perfect strangers seemed ever anxious to do us favours.

In Zamora, after a scorching ride from Salamanca, we were sitting in the *café* near the *fonda*, when the president of the university came and sat with us. He said he had heard of our arrival and had taken his first leisure moment to pay his respects. He had recently learned to ride himself and was already an enthusiast in the sport. After it was arranged that he should accompany us about the city the next day, we invited him to take coffee or beer which is becoming quite a popular beverage in Spain. He readily assented, but when we called the waiter to settle the account, he would not permit us to pay, but drew himself up proudly, saying he would be ashamed of Zamora if it treated its guests in that manner.

The next day he devoted his time to visiting the places of interest with us in the intense heat. Sightseeing in June and July in Span-

ish cities, which then are veritable ovens, demands considerable power of endurance. One is far more comfortable cycling on the road where there is generally some air even if it be hot. We admired the endurance of Don T. as in the broiling noonday sun he delivered a long commentary under one of the gates on the history of Doña Urraca's interview with the Cid from the window in the wall above its arch. We, in light clothing, tried to find a spot where the sun burned less intensely, but the ardent Professor in the absorption of his narrative was entirely unmindful of its fierce glare upon his tall hat and black suit.

Owing to the heat and the long ride before us on the day we left Zamora, our start was an early one. The Señor, Prof. T., on account of an accident to his cycle was not able to escort us some miles on the road as he would otherwise have done, but he would not allow us to pass his door without a farewell greeting, and we found him in front of his villa at the end of the town waiting to bid us God-speed at five o'clock in the morning.

From being the capital of Philip II., the scene of historic events and exciting pageants,

Valladolid has degenerated into one of the most uninteresting cities of Spain. To be sure its cathedral is the *chef d'œuvre* of Herrera, but those who have visited the Escorial are not likely to have much enthusiasm left to spend on this uncompleted abomination of the sixteenth century. No place in Spain offers a larger collection of painted sculpture than this city, though it might be questioned whether the examples seen elsewhere are not more pleasing. Those who, perhaps out of deference to the artistic sense of the Greeks, affirm that a coloured statue bears the relation to an uncoloured one that a painting does to an engraving, will linger in the museum over the works of Juan de Juni and Hernandez.

With the exception of a certain number of finely executed effigies scattered over the country the Spanish artists seem in following the classic idea of colour to have failed in inspiration in the carrying out of their conceptions.

One of the great events of the year in the provincial Spanish cities is the *feria* or annual market fair. This institution has come down from the Middle Ages and probably from

earlier times, and corresponds to the annual markets held in most parts of Europe, which give the rural population an opportunity to dispose of the products of their industry. In Spain pleasure is combined with business, and the *feria* is made an occasion of especial festivity. *Ferias* are held at different times in different places, beginning in spring in the south and ending with the autumn in the north, and last from three to five days.

Those of the larger places are widely advertised and special trains are run from distant points, even the people of Madrid being represented at the fêtes of Ronda, Granada, and Pamplona. These occasions are celebrated by processions in which the *Gigantes* take part, concerts by military bands, church services, illuminations, much burning of gunpowder in the shape of fireworks, theatrical performances, and the inevitable bull fight.

The equilibrium of the cities is for the time being upset by the great influx of people from the country, with the consequent overcrowding and excitement.

We met with these fairs unavoidably at various points on the route, in spite of our

efforts to avoid them, and always to our discomfort, though they afforded excellent opportunities for studying the people.

We arrived at Burgos the day before a *feria* began and remained during the four days it lasted. On applying for quarters at the hotel, they said their rooms were mostly engaged for the fair, and showed us two small scantily furnished rooms under the roof unfit for any one except perhaps an ostler. After considerable parleying they finally consented to give us at a high charge a single front room on the second floor, which when arranged for two contained barely space to stand in. This, the best hotel in Burgos, is opposite a large cavalry barrack, the windows of the lower story of which open directly from the stalls on the dusty street, and the lower story of the hotel serves as a dwelling-place for half a dozen horses. The fumes from the abodes of these noble animals pervaded all parts of the house, including the *comedor*, to a degree not agreeable to persons of fairly educated olfactory sense.

All the avenues in the immediate vicinity of the city served as herding-places for horned cattle, goats, and sheep, and were also occupied

by long lines of hay and grain waggons, to say nothing of the crowd of peasants who attended the animals and thronged the city. The streets and squares were encumbered with booths and collections of miscellaneous articles spread by the various hawkers on the pavements.

Here were sold wares of all kinds from house furnishing goods, boots and shoes, hats, cheap ornaments, and dress stuffs for the women, to second-hand clothing, penny whistles, and gimcracks for the children, scrap iron, old brass, and rags. The Plaza Mayor besides being the headquarters of the vendors of fruits, primitive cakes and confections, was the site of a collection of gymnastic arrangements for the entertainment of the youth, among which were a large horizontal log mounted on an axle supported on two upright stakes, which two parties of boys, one on each side, tried to turn towards themselves by the friction of their hands, the axle ends being covered with sand, and a sort of "Ferris wheel" about eight feet high with four seats rotated by a hand crank, the facsimile of which may also be seen in Lower Egypt.

In one of the squares the "tooth-puller" was

plying his trade, addressing the crowd from a platform waggon on which were mounted his operating chair and four musicians, who struck up a refrain from three brass instruments and a drum as each victim seated himself in the chair, opened his mouth, fixed the muscles of his jaws spasmodically and gazed intently at the sky with an expression of desperate but heroic determination.

In another place a young woman with pale face, blue eyes, abundant auburn hair, incisive voice, and impassive expression entertained an admiring audience from morning till night by her eloquent eulogies of the virtues of a chiropodic remedy, which she had for sale in small packages convenient for pocket use. One could not help admiring the calm perseverance with which she pursued her calling in spite of the fact that towards evening her voice became husky.

Among the different side-shows was a merry-go-round, placed inconveniently near the hotel, provided with a powerful hand-organ, from the front of which projected six huge brass trumpets. This organ might be called a monorgan, as it played only one tune,

which was unceasingly repeated from ten in the morning till midnight, in strident, unmusical tones mingled with the loud blare of the trumpets, until we wished our sense of hearing might be temporarily abolished.

The knights of the arena made their headquarters at our hotel. Reverte, who, having recovered from the injury received two months before, had come from Madrid as the chief *espador* of the occasion, had a front room to himself, the others, *banderilleros* and *picadores*, occupied some dark court-rooms, three or four in each. The latter, while quiet and orderly, were coarse in appearance and habits. Dressed and looking like common labourers, they spent the forenoon lounging around or mending their torn clothing, which the chambermaids, here women, were kept busy in cleaning for use at the *corrida* in the afternoon.

After lunch they donned their silk stockings, ruffled shirts, and laced jackets, and rode in two omnibuses to the ring, a large crowd collecting outside the door to see them off. The costumes of the *espadores* are wonderfully elaborate, being made of silk and other

materials of the finest quality, richly ornamented with gold and silver lace. Besides red, green, pink, and blue, purple is a favourite colour for the groundwork, and is said to be as irritating to the bull as red.

They all eat at one table, at the head of which sat Reverte, who was frequently greeted by his friends among the hotel guests. They minded their own business, made no disturbance, and in no way interfered with the comfort of the other visitors. In what other country could twelve or fifteen professional butchers or cattle-drivers mingle for several days with the other guests of a reputable hotel without in some way making themselves obnoxious ?

After careful observation of men of this class both at the *corridas* and elsewhere, and comparison of them with the ordinary Spaniard, we cannot divest our minds of the impression that their profession exercises a decided influence on the expression of their faces, which acquire a certain tinge of brutality such as one associates with gladiators and prize-fighters. This is more noticeable in the older members of the craft. This influence

may easily be traced if a picture of Mazantini taken several years ago be compared with his present appearance.

The head *padre* of the Escorial clasped his hands and gazed heavenward when inquiring if we had seen the "marvel of Burgos," and the attitude of the rest of the world is very much the same towards this cathedral. Besides bringing our tribute of admiration let us stop a moment to find out, if possible, why we admire. It is easy to account for the interest of the architect, the sculptor, the painter, and perhaps the dilettante, in this museum of art, for if it be impossible to admire the whole, each will find his particular hobby well handled, either in the framework or the decorations.

But it is more difficult for the tourist with a smattering of architectural knowledge backed by a cultivated sense of the beautiful to know why he is charmed. The first visit, no matter how long it may be, does not quite solve the problem. The mind is overpowered by the effect of columns, capitals, groined arches, and pinnacles loaded with an intricate mass of carvings, the details of which at first sight are scarcely distinguished and certainly not appre-

ciated. It may be only after several visits that he discovers why his artistic sense and imagination are so powerfully affected by this wonderful structure, and finds the reason in the symmetrical lines of the grand thirteenth century model embellished by the profusion of harmonious fifteenth and sixteenth century ornamentation designed and executed in the most tasteful and careful manner.

Had the original framework been a production of Herrera and the decorations from the hands of the lesser sixteenth and seventeenth century artists, the marvel of Burgos would probably have been only a blot on the architectural landscape instead of standing forth as a shining object in the panorama of Spanish art. With a few exceptions only the best work of the best artists of the four centuries that contributed to its completion was allowed to grace its walls. The mass of sculpture, were it not carried out in such perfection, would certainly confirm the first transient impression of an overloaded interior. The later sixteenth century artists, many of whom are said to have been of French or German origin, were amply endowed with originality and good

taste. The whole building within and without is eminently picturesque, and herein doubtless lies another ground for its appeal to modern taste. Taken with its chapels, each in itself a temple of decoration with its treasures in paintings, carvings, and tombs, the cathedral merits several days of study even from a superficial observer.

Spaniards are still filled with so-called religious sentiment, but the fanaticism of the fifteenth century has resolved itself into the mysticism of the nineteenth. Spain is more æsthetic than believing, more mystical than religious. The atmosphere of the temple of Burgos, however, is æsthetic, not mystical. When the shadows lengthen and modulated organ cadences echo through the grey twilight of the interior, the æsthetic sense is held captive, but the mystic charm of the vesper hour at the Barcelona cathedral is wanting, where in the more subdued light verging on darkness columns seemingly without base or capital lose themselves in the arches above. Perhaps the best view of the exterior is obtained from the old *Castillo* on the hill over Burgos. Details that seen below are somewhat coarse are here soft-

ened, and the group of richly carved perforated spires forms a striking picture.

The superb tombs to be seen in nearly all the cities of the north reach their culminating splendour in the fifteenth century alabaster sepulchres at Miraflores, built by Isabella in memory of her parents. The recumbent figures with the elaborate lacework of their robes astound the eye, but Gil de Siloe not satisfied with his success here surrounded their majesties with Biblical subjects and finally enclosed the whole with a fringe of foliage so exquisitely carried out, that we forget the central figures in contemplating the execution of the setting. The sculptor was unable to restrain his hand, but although he may be charged with overloading, his art is carried to such perfection as to silence criticism.

What remained of the bones of the Cid and his devoted Ximena were placed under government protection in the town hall of Burgos in 1842. The breast-bone of the Campeador and thigh-bone of his wife made a trip to Germany after the Peninsular War, but on being restored to Spain in 1883 joined their mouldering companions. Our first attempt to see them was

not successful. After knocking and ringing bells a girl opened a sort of office and said the concierge was out but she would call him. We waited some time—one usually waits in Spain and more often goes twice to lesser sights before seeing them. Finally a rusty-looking boy came in with a bunch of keys, and taking us across a hallway flung open a door with a bang. He led the way with lightning speed through a narrow room decorated with flags, heraldic insignia, and ancient half-worn chairs into another arranged as a chapel, in the centre of which stood upon a pedestal a plain brown casket. The boy went about the room as if looking for something, but shortly seeing us standing by the casket approached it and with a sudden gleam of intelligence cried, "Here they are," roughly trying to open the lid of the last resting-place of the Campeador.

He shook the casket in his vain attempt, then finding the keyhole proceeded to try the various keys of the bunch, and lastly an old one he had in his pocket but without success, so we were forced to leave having seen of the Cid only what we had seen of Ferdinand and

Isabella and many another historical personage. The frowsy girl met us at the door saying the boy was not the concierge, and if we would come another day the latter would show us everything.

As we had been following in the track of the noble Cid's exploits for some months it seemed well, as they were conveniently near, to make another attempt to see his bones. This time we found a man with a key that at once opened the casket, revealing what remains of the bones and ashes of the Cid and Ximena neatly packed away in two shallow compartments side by side. From such a cosy collection it seemed a pity that, as the guardian pathetically told us, the skull of Ximena should have been found missing when the bones were brought to Burgos.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NATURE, ART, AND PEOPLE OF ARAGON AND NAVARRE—FAREWELL TO ESPAÑA.

FROM Burgos we turned eastward and rode through Navarre and Aragon to Zaragoza. The route on the first day lay over the high tablelands separating Burgos from the valley of the Ebro. From the top of the watershed, which was reached about noon, an extended view opened over the river basin, which is here very wide, and is bounded on the north by the receding Pyrenees, on the west by the Burgos mountains, and to the east loses itself in the distance.

It is cut up by short ranges of low mountains. As we began the descent our attention was attracted by one range lying far below composed entirely of red sandstone with perhaps a dozen beautiful pointed peaks, which in comparison with the other features of the vast landscape looked as if it had been carved

out to embellish a child's pleasure grounds. An hour later, after descending two or three thousand feet, the road wound around its base, and we were surprised to find that what from above had appeared like molehills were really mountains of rather imposing height.

The road on this day was bordered on both sides by extensive fields of golden grain, which, untouched by the sickle, bent in long waving crests before the summer wind. At evening we reached Logroño on the banks of the Ebro.

Some hours after leaving Logroño the country became as desolate and desert-like as anything to be found in Spain. The hills looked as if they had been riven by convulsions of nature and scorched by fire. Their red-clay and sandy sides scarred and gullied by the winter floods and washed clear of every living plant were now baked to a stony hardness by the burning summer sun, the heat of which radiated from the parched surface as from an oven, as we toiled up the ascents of this barren waste.

Crowning the top of a hill in this region is the town of Alfaro, like many similar Spanish

towns built of the red rock of and having the same parched appearance as the hill on which it stands. We reached Alfaro about two o'clock, and as our canteens were empty looked for water with which to fill them. No running water was to be seen, so we tried to find a *posada* or restaurant but without success. At last in the deserted cathedral square we discovered the sign "Bebidas" over a curtained doorway under an arcade, and went in.

The usual midnight darkness which is preserved in Spanish interiors during the afternoon hours in summer reigned. We ordered *gaseosa*, which the sleepy proprietor sent a boy to the cellar to fetch. Meanwhile we asked him to fill our canteens with water. He said he had none and would not receive a new supply till after three o'clock. He also said no drinking water was to be had in the town and all that was used had to be brought from a distance in barrels, from which it was distributed to the inhabitants. This was done every afternoon.

Even the houses of the *peones camineros* failed in this desert region, so we were obliged to travel the twenty kilometres over the hills

to the next town without anything to assuage our thirst, which after fifteen minutes in the broiling sun was as great as ever. Not a tree was met with in the whole distance, nor any object on the road that could cast a shade except portions of the ruined walls of a house that had been destroyed in the Carlist war, like many ruins of *posadas* and farm-houses scattered about Castile, Leon, Navarre, and Aragon, burned during this time and never rebuilt.

On arrival at Tudelà about four o'clock, before seeking the *fonda* we stopped at a modest restaurant in the square where ices were advertised. The woman who served them hardly knew which to be more surprised at, our bicycles or our capacity for disposing of "helados de leche."

The *fonda* of Tudela resembled most others of Aragon, which are not up to the standard of those of many parts of Spain. When the tourist enters his room he finds it scantily furnished and in the same condition in which it was left by the previous occupant, the bed unmade, the table encumbered with dishes upon which are the remnants of the last meal, the

unswept floor garnished with stubs of cigars and cigarettes. Thus it remains during the day, no attempt being made to put it in order, and it is impossible for the new occupant to make himself comfortable. At evening during the *comida* the bed linen and towels are changed and fresh water brought. All else is left as it was before. And yet the dining-room is lighted by electricity.

When the unimportance and primitiveness of Tudela and the backwardness of its people are considered, it is surprising that this town of nine thousand inhabitants should have such an impressive *colegiata*, which may rightly be called one of the grand Spanish churches. Although built somewhat earlier, it resembles the cathedral of Tarragona, and while its style is generally plain many of the capitals show excellent thirteenth century carving. Of its three striking doorways, the west one with eight rows of quaint carved figures is extremely beautiful and merits its reputation of being one of the rare doorways of the world. The effect is marred by its unfortunate position, and it seems out of place facing the narrow dingy streets of Tudela.

Looking up at the tall bare houses that line the unpicturesque streets of many Spanish towns, the question ever arises, how could such meagre environments produce the authors of the priceless churches and doorways found amid the general architectural poverty. History is often silent as to the origin of these geniuses, though we gather that some were Spanish, others French or Italian. In the latter case, what induced them to exercise their creative art in the towns of the plains and sierras is all the more a matter of conjecture.

Between Tudela and Zaragoza the plains of Aragon swept before us in all their barren nakedness. The day was lowery and the journey which at best was lonely was made doubly so by thunder showers, which darkened the horizon in front and played about the tops of the mountains bordering the river terrace, and which we feared might cross our path at any time. The towns were few and far apart and the houses of our friends the *peones camineros* exceptionally infrequent, only four being passed in half a day's ride.

Towards noon some rain-clouds that had been gathering on the right seemed about to

sweep over us. A sharp clap of thunder and large drops of rain falling on our faces warned us we were likely to get a wetting, when arriving at the top of a hill we saw a small white house at the bottom of the descent. We flew downward pursued by the growling tempest behind, and just in time to escape its fury drew up at the house, where a woman with four frightened children clinging to her skirts stood outside watching our approach. We never welcomed shelter more than at that moment, and when half an hour later we stepped out on the drenched red plain, over which hung an opalescent rainbow, we were glad the bonbons had not failed and that we could fill all the small uplifted hands.

Looking back as we rode off we saw the woman gazing after us with the children at her side enjoying their sugar-plums, and as we whirled onward towards Zaragoza, her parting words, "Vayan ustedes con Dios," were borne on the breeze to our ears. We treasured the words now each time we heard them, for the days when the sweet Spanish wayside greeting would charm our ears were fast being numbered.

In this region grain which is harvested the last of June is threshed in a novel manner. It is first collected in great ricks outside the towns. Then the surface of the clay soil is smoothed over a greater or less area, wet down, and allowed to dry hard in the sun. The grain is spread upon this and mules driven up and down over it. The straw is afterwards removed and the broken chaff and grain tossed up in the wind, which blows the chaff away leaving the grain clean, advantage being taken of the strong north winds which blow at this season. We passed large quantities of straw, chaff, and grain which had been separated from one another in this manner.

The backwardness of the people of Aragon as compared with those of Leon, Castile, and Andalucia is very noticeable. Not only have they little idea of cleanliness, modern comfort, and mode of life, but they seem stupid, and evidently come less in contact with the outside world than the inhabitants of the provinces mentioned. They resemble the people of Catalonia and the eastern coast in many respects, but in none more than in their curiosity and meddlesomeness, which were displayed to an especial

degree in Zaragoza, where they, notably the women, stared like cattle. The men and boys could not keep their hands off our bicycles, ringing the bells, feeling the tyres, and pressing the saddles as if these vehicles were on exhibition for their particular entertainment and instruction.

The Zaragozans seem wanting in appreciation of the care that is due to their art inheritances. On visiting the Casa Zaporta with its beautiful sixteenth century *patio*, the lower story is found occupied by a waggon factory and the upper parts given over to other business enterprises, and to poor families who run up and down the once palatial stairway and use its carved pillars and ornamented reliefs for purposes of their own, entirely oblivious to any damage resulting from such use.

The same indifference as to decorative value and the iconoclastic spirit more or less prevalent in Spain caused them to tear down the leaning tower, also built in the sixteenth century in Moorish style, which while lacking the fineness of real Moorish work was, if one may form an opinion from photographs, interesting on account of its form and of its leaning ten feet

from the perpendicular. In speaking with a photographer about it we asked, "Was it taken down because of its insecurity?" He laughed and said, "No, it had been repaired and was in perfectly safe condition." "Why then was it done?" "Oh, because the people were tired of seeing it stand there," he answered.

The population of Zaragoza appear to be as much given to Mariolatry as the Sevillians, judging from the throng of worshippers seen daily at the church of the Pilar. This hideous cathedral is built around the brocatello pillar on which the Virgin is supposed to have descended from Heaven. An architectural monster in the way of a chapel, in which services are held at all hours, surrounds the column which stands in its rear wall. The Pilar itself is hidden from view by its coverings except at one point on the outside of the chapel, where an oval aperture a few inches in diameter admits of the worshipper kissing its marble surface.

This has been a sort of Mecca for centuries to the Aragonese, and on the anniversary of the Virgin's descent thousands pay homage at the shrine, but one is scarcely prepared to see

the constant stream of men as well as women, who on ordinary week days stand awaiting their turn to perform the osculatory act of devotion. We returned in the afternoon to watch the procession which if possible was larger than in the morning. The kisses of the rich followed those of the poor, and the men pressed their lips as devoutly as the women through the opening in the wall. One fairly intelligent looking man after kissing the Pilar approached the altar of the Virgin near by, knelt and after praying briefly, brushed off the dusty step with his handkerchief, bowed his head and kissed that also.

The cathedral of La Seo, the most important church of Zaragoza architecturally, has interesting features. The interior is nearly square, has double aisles, and the *coro* is less obtrusive than in most Spanish cathedrals. In spite of badly ornamented capitals, the tall massive columns speading into half-lighted vaults and producing the effect of clusters of tall lilies are extremely impressive.

It is often the case in Spain that the grotesque stands under the same roof with the glorious in art. So here, an absurdly deco-

rated Churrigueresque chapel makes one wish that China rather than Salamanca had been the birthplace of Churriguera, while admiration is called forth by other chapels filled with artistic work and richly carved alabaster tombs.

With the exception of San Pablo, which has an imposing Moorish octagonal brick tower, few buildings of interest are left in Zaragoza. The old houses have disappeared, and the modern ones are built in such a tasteless, unsubstantial manner as to give the city a monotonous, unprogressive appearance.

In leaving Zaragoza the street being badly paved and filled with waggons, we rode on the promenade, as we had often done in Spain without interference from the police. But on this occasion we had hardly started, when we heard whistling and calls, to which at first we paid no attention, but as they continued we dismounted. A gendarme at once accosted us demanding our names and a fine of five *pesetas* each. We remonstrated, saying we had ridden on the promenades all over Spain, particularly in the morning when few people were out, and being strangers did not know that this was prohibited in Zaragoza. He persisted in his

demand, when several gentlemen interfered taking our part and telling him this was no way to treat strangers. For some time they made no impression on him and we were about to pay the fine when he yielded and permitted us to depart. The unusual zeal displayed in the administration of civil affairs in Zaragoza in many respects so behind the times was amusing, but the incident afforded another proof of the friendly disposition of the Spanish *caballeros*, who from the beginning to the end of our journey were always on hand when needed, ready to do us a favour.

We rode over Pamplona through the Pyrenees of the Basque provinces to San Sebastian and Irun, where our Spanish pilgrimage of three and a half months ended. At Pamplona the *feria* was beginning, the day after our arrival being the "Fiesta de los Gigantes," when they dance before the cathedral, march in the procession, and pay their respects to the tutelar at San Lorenzo. Although the fêtes of Pamplona are among the most renowned of Spain, as we had already seen to our satisfaction all that was offered on the programme, including the sacrificial performances of the

heroes of the arena, Reverte and Guerrita, we pushed on without waiting for the other festivities, having a run of twelve hundred kilometres across France on our hands after leaving Spain.

Shortly after leaving Pamplona we met with a last instance of disinterested Spanish courtesy. A peasant was driving a mule laden with flasks of wine up a long hill which we were also obliged to ascend. He seemed impressed by our having to push our bicycles, and said he was better off than we as the mule did his work for him. Adding we must be thirsty he offered us wine from the flasks, and upon our declining the offer, urged the matter until we told him we never drank wine *en route*.

Another incident shows a bright side even to Spanish beggar life. A traveller stopping in Madrid had been in the habit of giving a few *centimos* daily to a little girl on the street. One morning as he passed the corner where she stood he gave her as he supposed the usual sum. Presently he heard some one calling him, and looking around saw her running after him. On overtaking him she held up a two *peseta* piece and said, "Your honour has

always given me centimos, but to-day by mistake this was among them."

Similar episodes help to fill the note-book of the traveller who lingers a few months in Spain. If he pursues his researches beyond the lines drawn by couriers, tourist bureaus, and hotel attendants, he will meet everywhere both among the educated and the poorer classes in *fin de siècle* Spain the hidalgo spirit of the days of Calderon. Sharper contrasts exist in its nature, art, and people than in many lands, but it is just these contrasts and the peculiarities of custom, the *cosas de España* that render the Iberian peninsula so attractive and inspire those who have been there with a longing to cross its boundaries again.

THE END.

always given me [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] was among them."

Similar episodes lend to [illegible] the note-book of the traveller who lingers a few months in Spain. If he pursues his researches beyond the lines drawn by hunters, tourists, [illegible], and other attendants, he will meet everywhere [illegible] among the educated and the poorer classes [illegible] than the [illegible] spirit of the days of [illegible]. Sharper contrasts exist in [illegible] and people than in many lands. [illegible] these contrasts and the peculiarities of [illegible] that render the Iberian peninsula so attractive and [illegible] those who have been there with a longing [illegible] its boundaries again.

THE END.